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MODELING A HOMESTEAD.—[See Page 105.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

ENGLAND AND THE TREATY.

LAST week, in commenting upon the proposed British treaty, we said that the question of granting maritime rights to a belligerent without a port would necessarily be drawn into the discussion. It is now announced that General GRANT is of opinion that "the treaty is unjust to the United States, because it assumes to measure injury inflicted upon this country by money-value of ships actually destroyed, whereas the chief damage to our commerce was in our ships being driven from the sea by Anglo-Rebel pirates. In addition to this, the sympathy extended by the British Government to the South prolonged the war at least a year, and for all lives lost and money expended for this time England is directly responsible. The treaty proposes to settle all these things by the payment of the paltry value of a few ships." Whether this is the opinion of General GRANT or not, it is certainly that of many other persons.

Now, that the action of England did destroy our commerce and prolong the war, there can be no doubt. Such an offense can be settled in one of two ways only; by war or by treaty. If we go to war the victor will settle the terms of peace. If we make a treaty, the only practicable method for England to atone for the wrong is to apologize or to pay for the losses. But this report represents General GRANT as sneering at payment as a method of settlement, except perhaps upon some scheme that shall include the expenses of the last year of the war—while for lost lives no compensation is possible. Does the worthy reporter mean that we shall understand it to be the intention of the new Administration to demand an apology and the payment, without discussion, of such a bill as we may present? This merely means war, and as General GRANT is an extremely sensible man, we do not believe he will begin his Administration by forcing England to fight.

The *Tribune* says that our commerce was swept from the seas, "and *that* is the measure of British liabilities." But how shall the amount of the liability be determined? Shall the Government compute the value of our commerce in 1860, and showing it to England, demand immediate payment, or shall there be an investigation by a commission? If the former course be adopted, it does not seem promising for peace. If the latter, precisely the same result may be reached, and the peace preserved. As we said last week, there should be no counter British "claims," arising from the recognition of the rebels, tolerated for a moment. But if we agree that we will receive money in settlement of our commerce, or our ships, or our claims, or whatever name may be preferred, it is at least worth considering whether investigation by a commission is not the preferable method.

But we must begin with one clear understanding. Nothing whatever, no treaty, no payment, can satisfy the deep indignation which the conduct of Great Britain aroused in the American mind. It was incredible that a nation of our own race, and so peculiarly related to us, should encourage the attempt of an oligarchy of slaveholders to overthrow this government. But sharp experience soon changed incredulity to intense hostility. England was more hated in this country when the war ended than she had been since JAY'S treaty. Much of that feeling remains, and we must remember that it can not be allayed by any kind of diplomacy. It is a wound which time only, as it reveals a more friendly feeling, can heal. All that treaties and statesmanship can do is upon a lower level; and it is essential to understand it.

If the British Government is willing to pay for the consequences of its conduct it confesses its regret for that conduct. If it does not renounce the principle upon which it acted its retribution will be swift and fearful. Governments will do indirectly what they will not do directly; and since we must be the gainers, both in honor and power by either course, it seems hardly worth while to go to war to prove how deeply we were offended.

HOW TO SAVE THE FOURTH DOLLAR.

"I HOPE every voter will remember," said Mr. JENCKES in his speech upon the Civil Service bill, "that out of every four dollars raised in taxes one dollar goes to the thieves!" That would seem to tell the story plainly enough. Twenty-five per cent. of the revenue of the country is stolen and wasted. If there be a more powerful practical argument for a system which should secure honesty and capacity in the civil service we do not know what it is. And notwithstanding the immense part which patronage plays in our politics—for patronage is the power by which the gentlemen in parlors, of whom we speak elsewhere, control their followers—we yet believe that most, certainly the best, of the men in public life, would prefer to be relieved of the harassing consequences of the present appointing system.

There are probably to-day scores of thousands of incompetent persons armed with letters of introduction from local politicians, and with no other credentials than what is vaguely called party fidelity, who are hovering expectant and ready to pounce upon the offices upon the accession of General GRANT. The immense majority of those who recommend these persons know nothing whatever about them. If they should urge a bank, or a merchant, or any man in any business to employ persons of whom they knew nothing, they would justly lose their reputation, not only as men of judgment but as men of common honesty. Yet they hardly hesitate to recommend to the Government for lucrative and responsible positions persons whose names they have never heard before and which they forget the next moment.

It is no answer to say that although they do not know the candidates yet they recommend them at the request of friends who do know them, for that does not appear. If Jones wrote upon the petition that he knew Smith who recommended Johnson who recommended Jenkins who recommended Smith 2d to be a gentleman in good party standing, it might be the truth, but Jones's signature would not be of any great weight to the document. Suppose that the signature were equivalent to an indorsement, and that every man who signed a petition for a successful applicant to an office were to be held for the losses that might result from his dishonesty, how many of the present signers would sign? Yet certainly a man's name should have all the moral force of such an indorsement. Nobody should ask that a person be placed in a responsible situation without a conviction founded upon knowledge that he would not betray the trust.

All this confusion and folly and knavery by which every tax-payer in the country most grievously suffers, and which intolerably vex every man who interests himself, as every man should, in politics, could be avoided by the very simple plan of intrusting the civil service to proved capacity and character. It is obvious that the great multitude of the people who wish to save every fourth dollar would be infinite gainers, and that those who are anxious to retain the present system are liable to the most damaging suspicions. All the hucksters in politics, all the rings, all those who mean to live dishonestly upon the public will be warmly opposed to any change in the present shiftless and absurd method of filling the public service. To the victors belong the spoils, says some vehement partisan. But did the victors ever put an officer whom they had not proved in command of the captured city?

COIN.

WHENEVER resumption takes place prices will be readjusted to the standard of specie instead of that which now prevails. But most of those who have propounded a theory seem desirous of accomplishing resumption, and at the same time holding prices at their present level. As this is an impossibility it is scarcely to be supposed that the schemes which have this object are presented with any hope of their adoption. They are to be regarded rather as bids for popular favor.

The subject is one of such vast importance that it can hardly be settled by the present Congress. It is possible that the legalization of gold contracts on a basis to prevent the oppression which might ensue from being obliged to pay gold on a loan of legal-tender or national bank currency may take place, but the work of providing a complete plan will unquestionably be postponed. All who bear in mind the political situation must concur in this view.

A new Administration is about to be installed. It is not too much to say that throughout the Union there is a keen desire on the part of politicians to have some part assigned to them in this duty. They will not peril their chances by any undue zeal for measures which the "coming man" may not approve. General BUTLER, however, who has no hope of being invited into the Cabinet, has laid aside all reserve and presented a scheme which he is sure will be found in antagonism to that of the new Administration when it comes to grapple with this great subject. His view of the situation is doubtless correct in this, that the matter will go over to the next Congress. But what will be the precise temper of that body with respect to resumption it is difficult to say. Both parties in it will be compelled to have an affirmative financial policy with which to go to the people for re-election, if during the existence of that Congress some scheme shall not have been devised and adopted. The desire not to offend the popular will is too controlling to permit members to act upon considerations of duty at variance with the views, erroneous though they may be, which a people long debauched with paper-money generally entertain.

The differences of opinion which prevail on questions of money and industry are due in great part to the experience of Great Britain. The money of that country for ages was mainly gold and silver. But, owing to the imperious demands of war, Parliament, in 1797, made the bills of the Bank of England in *effect* a tender for debts. England at one period adopted the policy of a tariff for protection. When she became the first manufacturing nation in the world she established free trade. Each of these policies had its supporters in works of great influence, on the ground not merely of what was expedient under the force of exigencies, but as matter of choice under any circumstances. The paper-money system prevailed in England till about 1821—an experience so recent that the erroneous views in support of the policy, not merely as a measure of war, but as one for peace and for all time, has had great effect here.

General BUTLER appears as an advocate of these errors, and it will require discussion and time to eradicate them from the public mind.

His assertion that coined money was a device of kings to further their despotic purposes, and that paper-money was resorted to by the people as a means of security and defense against despotic assault, must be regarded either as evidence of the most remarkable self-delusion, or as a palpable attempt to deceive. General BUTLER has exactly reversed both the character and function of coin. Fairly coined money is the product and the measure, as well as one of the safeguards, of steady labor, and paper-money is often the expedient of government or of individuals to effect by indirection its control.

The stamp of coinage is nothing more than a certificate of the weight and fineness of a coin. If this were not upon it individuals would be obliged to imitate the example of Baron ROTHSCHILD, and establish a private assay office, or some other means of testing the value of coins. The coinage of all countries corresponds with some precedent law prescribing the quantity of gold or silver and of the respective alloys which each piece shall contain. The effigy of a king on the *obverse* of a coin is cumulative evidence of what its *reverse* alleges as to its denomination or weight and fineness of metal. The labor formed into this shape is exchanged for an equivalent amount of equally useful labor in some other shape. For instance, if it take a day's labor to mine and fabricate a gold dollar weighing only $25\frac{8}{10}$ grains, and a day's labor to produce a silver dollar weighing $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains, they will be exchanged for each other on equal terms. When, however, this relation of one to the other is changed, by requiring more *labor* to obtain the one than the other than now, no government can secure their circulation on an equality.

The proportional value of silver to gold is about 1 to 15, a difference which arises from the fact that both metals are considered indispensable for coins, and that silver is more generally diffused and more easily obtained from the earth than gold, and upon the basis on which gold and silver coins are thus exchanged, other products of labor are exchanged for them. The monarch who uses no other money allies himself with and acknowledges his dependence upon labor, for labor alone obtains the metal and fabricates the coin. It has never been possible for any government seriously to change the acknowledged proportion of difference between the value of the two metals. We have adjusted the weight of the half-dollar at 192 grains, and the weight of the quarter-dollar, dime, and half-dime at a half, a fifth, and a tenth of the weight of the half-dollar, while the dollar itself is $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

These small coins were made legal tender for sums not exceeding five dollars, the dollar, however—the weight of which corresponds more nearly with that of the dollar of other countries—is made legal tender for all sums whatever. Those small coins were fabricated of lower weight in proportion than the dollar in order to remove the temptation to export or melt them. To this trifling extent, and on a limited scale, it is possible for nations to affect the well-known relation between gold and silver. According to the spirit of General BUTLER'S speech, it would not be difficult in his estimation to legislate them into entire equality.

If it were possible for Congress to make a material change in the proportional value of gold and silver respectively, adjusted as we have seen at 15 to 1 or thereabouts, then his idea that the value of a coin is due to its stamp, and not to the amount of useful labor required for its production, might be maintained. It requires fifteen times more labor to produce an ounce of gold than an ounce of silver, and hence commerce adjusts the exchange of them on that basis and governments merely follow. General BUTLER seems to suppose that an accurate idea of what constitutes a *dollar* can be formed independently of these coins. This is simply absurd. The promise in every legal-tender or national bank note and in every promissory note or bond in naming dollars, is precisely as if the weight and fineness of the metals as they are respectively contained in a gold or silver dollar had been specified. From the exigencies of war Congress has provided that the promise of the Government to pay such a dollar shall be accepted by its citizens for the present as if it were the actual dollar produced not by the printing-press but by labor. General BUTLER would thus convert the temporary substitute into the principal, and have as a perpetual and sole measure of value for the labor and industry of the country the (sometimes) arbitrary and variable promises of the Government. The word *dollar* on this view would be incapable of definition. If it means the gold or silver dollar his theory is at an end, inasmuch as if the payment of that is promised the promise ought to be performed. He knows or ought to know that the multiplication of those promises expels the actual dollar from circulation, and produces those malignant panics which, in the absence of a legal-tender act such as we now have, inflict ruin upon the community. Delusions of this character must disappear before any return to specie payments can be expected; and if General BUTLER seriously holds any such view, what must be the condition of those less enlightened?

We repeat, therefore, that this Congress in all probability will not provide for complete resumption; but we urge, as the prosperity of all is now "suspended on the wings of paper-money," that a change to the standard of gold and silver as a basis for our circulation is inevitable, and is required at the earliest practicable moment; and that it is prudent to prepare for the difficulty by industry, economy, and freedom from debt.

SCRATCHING THE TICKET.

A CONNECTICUT gentleman has recently published a letter upon corruption in politics, and probably every body will abstractly agree with him in condemning it. But condemnation is not remedy. The best and most intelligent men constantly find themselves in a very unpleasant dilemma. They discover that they must either vote for candidates some of whom seem to them unfit for the offices for which they are proposed, or they must risk bringing into power a party whose principles they abhor, and whose candidates are no more worthy than their competitors. This is an intolerable position. It is easy to scratch the ticket, but that will not always avoid the misfortune. If the choice must necessarily be between corrupt men some radical change is essential or the whole system will speedily perish.

Now one of the chief reasons of this repulsive choice which is so constantly forced upon the voter is the general indifference to the primary meeting. It is there that the government practically begins. But of all the voters in this country how many attend the primary meetings? A few interested managers take care to fill them with men upon whom they can count, and they thus control the nominations to every office. The delegates to the Convention are selected by these managers, and elected by their trusty followers. The managerial will—or the slate—is then to be broken only with great difficulty, if at all. This was the way, undoubtedly, in which the old Regency, and more recently Mr. THURLOW WEED, were so powerful in politics. In every town and almost in every district they had agents who did their will. "Mr. WEED," said an inquirer, "do you know Mr. FILLMORE?" "Know him, Sir! I invented him!" was the reply. And thus a few men in a parlor controlled the State, and the voter had practically no choice but to do as they dictated, or to help give victory to the party which he thought dangerous to the public welfare.

So long as this general indifference to the primary meeting continues the dilemma will remain; we shall all be obliged to support the regular nominations, or connive at the defeat of the candidates of the party which seems to us the best guardian of the public interests. If, therefore, it be accepted as a fact that the people will not interest themselves in the primaries, they can keep the party pure only by scratching the ticket in cases where they know it ought to be scratched. But if even by our negligence corrupt men should have any where obtained control of the party of our choice, we are bound to do all that we can do to baffle them. A party which such men control is no better than any other corrupt party, and if the scratching imperils the whole party it can only be because such men control it every where, and because it is their custom to name only men that ought to be scratched.

Let every voter, then, if he will not take pains to secure the nomination of good men, at least try to defeat the election of bad men. This protest at the polls will tend to regulate the primaries. It will remind the gentlemen in parlors that their candidates will be supported if they deserve to be, and not otherwise; and this consciousness upon their part would promote the invention of proper candidates.

GEORGIA.

WHEN Congress declared that Georgia should be restored it did so upon the presumption that the terms and the intention of the reconstruction law had been satisfied. The majority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate have investigated the facts and have discovered that the presumption was incorrect, and have therefore reported against the admission of the Senator from Georgia. Mr. TRUMBULL, in his minority report, takes the ground that Congress having decided that Georgia is entitled to admission can not now recede, and asserts that there is

no evidence that the conditions have not been complied with. That, however, is a question of detailed proof, upon which the majority disagree with the chairman.

Mr. TRUMBULL will concede probably that the substance of reconstruction is the essential point. The purpose of the Reconstruction Act was restoration upon certain conditions, of which the chief was the political equality of the citizens. Mr. TRUMBULL will not deny that these have been denied to nearly half the people of the State. Does he think that the law properly justifies any such absurdity; and if he does, is he not of opinion that if that absurdity is discovered before the restoration of the State is completed, it is wise to pause long enough to remedy the difficulty? Is it statesmanship or common-sense to admit Georgia with half of the population politically disabled by an old law of slavery, and thereby to declare that the disability is consistent with the object and spirit of the reconstruction law and with the peace of the country?

The authority of Congress over the subject does not end with a resolution that Georgia is entitled to representation; and even if the House has admitted members the Senate is certainly not bound to imitate it, if in the mean time evidence has accumulated to show that their election is invalid at its very source.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

MR. WELLS, in his special report on the Revenues for 1868, states at page 62, as issued from the Government printing-office, that our net imports for 1868 exceeded our exports, the latter reduced to specie, seventy-eight millions five hundred and seven thousand one hundred and sixty-eight dollars ($78,507,168). This he states as the *apparent* balance; but as our exports of specie and bullion for that year amounted in value to $83,746,161, and as we negotiated bonds abroad to the extent of $100,000,000—such is the estimate—the actual balance must exceed that sum.

Our imports are larger than appears at the custom-house, due to undervaluation, and also to smuggling, which is carried on extensively on our northern frontier, into the Southern States, and by those returning travelers who at the large sea-ports are permitted to land their twenty-five or thirty trunks without examination of their contents. Smuggling at the South is carried on from the West India and other islands contiguous to our coast with greater facility than before the rebellion, owing to the remains of unfriendly feeling toward the Government and the withdrawal of those means for its detection which obstructed the running of the blockade.

Part of this hundred millions of bonds negotiated abroad during the year was remitted to meet the accrued interest on the public debts due to foreigners and the expenses of Americans in Europe. The whole amount remitted on these various accounts constitutes a balance against us too large to contemplate without serious anxiety.

We are very well aware that the fact that the British statements, which ordinarily show larger imports into the kingdom than of exports from it, are capable of explanation so as to show a profit instead of a loss, is relied upon to shake the confidence which our returns appear to create; but actual experience here is the reverse of the experience of Great Britain.

As we are not the carriers of our exports, as the British are of theirs, the value imparted by transportation is received by the foreigner, who adds this profit to that of his commission as a banker, and often invests it in foreign securities. The amount of loans made here by English capitalists, of a floating character, on a pledge of our securities, is from fifty to a hundred millions of dollars. This sum is made up of profits accruing from trade, from interest reinvested, and also from capital sent here from the bankers on the other side, tempted by the high rate of interest paid by us and the low rate earned elsewhere.

No class of our citizens are in the habit of making, or, indeed, are able to make, like investments in foreign securities, and hence we have nothing invested abroad to represent the profit upon our exports, which the English, as the chief carriers, are enabled to exhibit with respect not only to theirs, but also to the exports of this country. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the figures presented by Mr. WELLS are incapable of such explanation as would arise in England upon an adverse balance upon her statement of imports and exports. We have been full in this statement of the difference between the two countries, because there is much misapprehension on the subject.

The question whither this will lead, and what remedies may be applied, ought to command great attention.

We are now in the fourth year after the war, and yet have not sufficiently recovered from its effects to support ourselves without incurring this heavy debt. Our inability is due in part to the necessity which the severity of the war occasioned of cutting loose from our old moorings with respect to money, and entering upon a wide sea of expansion. Much of it was in excess of actual necessity; indeed it progressed after the war was closed by the creation of National banks up to the prescribed limit. Prussia went through her war with Austria with no visible effect upon the habits of the community, because she had wisely, in advance of the conflict, set apart a fund out of her revenues from taxation to defray the expense. We not only had amassed nothing; we had on the contrary driven away from the country during a time of peace the precious metals, and were obliged to conduct war with paper-money. Prices advanced and large fortunes were made by speculators of all descriptions, and examples were furnished which have withdrawn large numbers from honest industry to engage in operations of a speculative character. Never probably, in any country, has there been an equal amount of display and extravagance to that which is now witnessed in portions of the Northern States.

Although the circumstances may be favorable for a continuation a little longer of the extraordinary folly of our people, the weakness must soon be ended. We owe our ability to maintain appearances which the truth does not justify to the quiet condition of trade in foreign countries. Whenever there shall be sufficient activity abroad to require the capital which is temporarily invested here and loaned abroad on our bonds deposited as collateral, a pressure will be felt inconsistent with the extravagance which now prevails.

We advise those who despise the plainness and solidity which are appropriate to our republican institutions to consider the experience to which they will presently be condemned, and not to wait for disaster before they dispense with a folly which is sure to incur punishment as it is certain to inflict lasting injury upon the public.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF NEW YORK.

WE hope that Senator FOLGER'S bill to submit to the people the Constitution, which was adopted by the State Convention last year, will promptly pass. The bill provides that the town elections shall be held upon the 4th of April, and that there shall be two additional ballot-boxes, one for the property qualification clause for colored citizens, and the other for the whole Constitution. Should the Constitution be adopted, an election is to be held in June for Judges of the Court of Appeals and of the city Common Pleas.

It is time that the absurd and barbarous discrimination against certain voters because of the color of their skin should be abolished, and it is humiliating that in such a State as New York there should be such a blot upon the present Constitution. A colored citizen, however intelligent, industrious, and prosperous, must have lived twice as long in the State as the rest of us and pay a tax, which is imposed upon nobody else, as the price of the right of suffrage.

There are some Republicans who have hitherto opposed this equality of suffrage; but the great weight of the opposition has proceeded from the Democratic party. In the Convention Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY and Mr. WILLIAM CASSIDY rested their opposition upon an alleged inferiority of race. It is amusing to observe the traces of the traditional aristocratic mastery of that party. The other day the New York *World*, commenting upon General GRANT'S speech to the deputation of the colored Convention, spoke of him as being very reticent to the white people, but very complaisant to their "scullions." So the Boston *Post*, speaking of American sympathy for the people of other countries who were trying to mend their condition, described those people as "canaille." The true Democratic instinct, the honest faith in man, is as foreign to the Democratic managers as it was to a South Carolina overseer.

The party which heaved such portentous sighs over the temporary political disability of those who sought to destroy the Government will doubtless vote against the equal enfranchisement of the citizens of New York. But every man who is opposed to a wanton oppression of any class of his fellow-citizens will vote to equalize the suffrage.

THE SETTLEMENT BY WAR.

SOME of the most prominent merchants in Boston have signed a protest against the *Alabama* treaty, upon the general ground that the destruction of our commerce during the war was an act of piracy upon the part of England. This is substantially the same ground which, as we have elsewhere mentioned, is said to be held by General GRANT. The merchants object to conceding any kind of equality between the claims of British subjects arising from disagreement as to the ordinary forms of neutrality and our claims arising from British piracy. Do these gentlemen expect England to confess that she has acted the part of a pirate? And if she declines to do so, do they recommend war? In other words, do they refuse any kind of arbitration?

The difficulty suggested in the treaty is, that the most important of all the questions, namely that of responsibility, which is in fact the only question, is to be left by chance to a single umpire; and the assumption is, that if he happen to be an Englishman he will decide against us. But no Englishman can afford to decide against us. To decide against us is to decide against the commerce of England. To decide against us is to decide that maritime rights may be granted to a belligerent without a port, without ships, and without a navy. That is a decision which surely need not trouble us—and because the consequences of such a position are now so plain the British Government is willing to satisfy our demands.

It seems to us that the feeling that inspires the Boston petition is one that no treaty can possibly satisfy. Perhaps it is best to settle the account with England by war, but we do not believe it. There is no conceivable misfortune greater than such an event. Moreover, it is not necessary. England does not wish to go to war, nor do we. She must pay us for the losses which fell upon our commerce by her action, and whether the umpire decides for us or against us she will sooner or later inevitably pay. If the question is not settled by an umpire it must be referred to a Congress or to a war.

THE SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT.

THE Republican Congress has just adopted another of those great measures which commend it to the confidence of all thoughtful men, and to the gratitude of posterity. Down to the year 1860 this country had been subject for more than a generation to a party whose chief aim was the utter degradation of a seventh of the population. The purpose of the party that succeeded it has been the elevation of every individual to a perfect equality of right and opportunity. The one sought prosperity and power by the most revolting tyranny; the other aims at permanence and peaceful progress by the most enlightened justice.

Mr. BOUTWELL, in introducing the amendment of equal suffrage, well said that it was a necessary and logical act for the Republican party. It gives the express guarantee of the United States to the political equality of all its citizens, and secures the principle of the reconstruction policy. The objection that it infringes the right of the people to settle the suffrage precisely reverses the fact; for the amendment provides that no local law shall deprive any citizen of a fundamental right secured to him by all the people.

There is, as we believe, no sound doubt of the authority of Congress to establish equality of suffrage by law. But a law is repealable by a majority in Congress; a constitutional amendment can be disturbed only by three-fourths of the State Legislatures. It is certainly better that a provision of such importance should be intrenched in the fundamental law; and the general feeling of the country would undoubtedly prefer that it should be so. Those who hold that each State has a final right to arrange the suffrage exactly as it pleases will be less averse to a settlement which requires the separate consent of three-quarters of the States; while those who believe that as the Government is required to secure a republican system in every State, it must necessarily have the power to set aside a system which is not republican, will yet gladly see the republican form secured in a manner to which no constitutional exception can be ever formally taken. The only practical reason for the law rather than the amendment, is the greater delay involved in the adoption of the latter, and the possible injurious consequences. But this is a consideration which under the circumstances is secondary to the desirability of the fundamental guarantee. The Committee, however, to cover the whole case, have recommended the passage of a law which would serve until the amendment is adopted.

The amendment is also a measure of wise consolidation. It touches no right of which any State can justly be jealous, or which it can reasonably deny to the United States. The first essential condition of a popular national government is the equality of its citizens equally secured. Ours, indeed, is not a national government in the simplest form; but, on the other hand, it is not a league nor a confederacy of States. It is a national Union. It has a national substance and necessity, and the attempt to regulate a national policy upon the theory of State sovereignty as hitherto maintained is futile. The adoption of the amendment will be the declaration of the people that they perceive the legitimate conditions of a truly national Union.

It will also tend rapidly to remove an exciting question from politics. It is plain now that the current of our political progress, for more than a generation, has been toward the political equality of all the people. The Democratic party, which is the organized opposition to this result, has been constantly defeated upon every field, but still perplexes and delays it. The Democratic representatives in Congress voted in a body against the amendment, upon the ground that it was a subject to be left to the States, thus conceding to a possible majority in a State the right to deprive a citizen of the United States of his share in its government, and to establish an unrepublican form if it should choose. But the Republican party, whose watchword is a constantly enlarging liberty as the condition of increasing intelligence, moves with the fraternal spirit of the age, and will not have accomplished its work until it has placed the government of the United States in the hands of all the people.

A STAGE IN LIFE.

THE days are sleeting by, and melt away
Like snow-flakes lighting on the sun-pierced ground;
And as the canopy of cloudy gray
At last, wind-hurried, shows a ridgy bound,
So now towered life a sharper outline casts
Upon the eternal; and the excited soul
Looks out like one that sees the tops of masts
Rising above the ocean's furrowed roll,
Whose deck must bear him from his native land,
The land whose mossy hills he used to rove,
In whose familiar streets hand greeted hand,
Whose bright home kissed him with unwearied love.
Ah! fluttering soul, thou must go all alone—
Pray for the Faith that hails a world unknown.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 25:

In the Senate, the bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office Act was reported from the Retrenchment Committee, with an amendment giving the President power to remove or suspend Cabinet officers during a recess of the Senate, and to suspend all civil officers during such recess without specific charges.—The majority of the Judiciary Committee reported against the claim of Joshua Hill, of Georgia, to a seat in the Senate.

January 28:

In the House, a resolution was adopted instructing the Reconstruction Committee to inquire into and report as to what further action should be taken in regard to the representation of Georgia.

January 29:

In the Senate, a bill providing for the reduction of the army was passed.—A bill was passed appointing a committee of five to inquire what legislation is necessary to secure the taking of a new census.

January 30:

In the Senate, the Pension, the Naval, and the Military Academy appropriation bills were passed.

In the House, the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution declaring that "the right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any State, by reason of race, or color, or previous condition of slavery," was passed, 150 to 42.

NEWS ITEMS.

A petition against the ratification of the *Alabama* Claims treaty has been placed before the United States Senate. The petitioners say:

"This so-called treaty proposes to put upon the same footing claims by British subjects which have arisen under a disagreement in regard to the ordinary forms of neutrality, and claims of our own citizens upon the British Government for piracies committed by British built, British manned, and British armed vessels; by vessels and armaments which left British ports, under protection of the British flag, and burned American ships upon the high seas without taking them into port for condemnation, and without any action being taken upon the part of the said British Government, when these atrocities were laid before it, to prevent the same; but, on the contrary, these pirates were every where received with rejoicing when visiting British ports; and when the notorious builder of one of them boasted of the same in the British Parliament, of which he was a member, he was received with cheers and expressions of satisfaction. This shows, in the opinion of your memorialists, the *animus* of the British Government toward the Government of the United States."

The full force of Colt's Armory at Hartford is now engaged on the contract to furnish the Russian Government with thirty thousand Berdan rifles, and upon the one hundred Gatting guns ordered. The armory is to be enlarged.

Rev. Dr. Littlejohn was ordained as Bishop of the new Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island, January 27, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn.

Francis W. Pickens, formerly Governor of South Carolina, died at Edgefield in that State on the 25th of January.

John P. Stockton was, January 26, elected Senator by the New Jersey Legislature, to succeed Mr. Frelinghuysen.

FOREIGN NEWS.

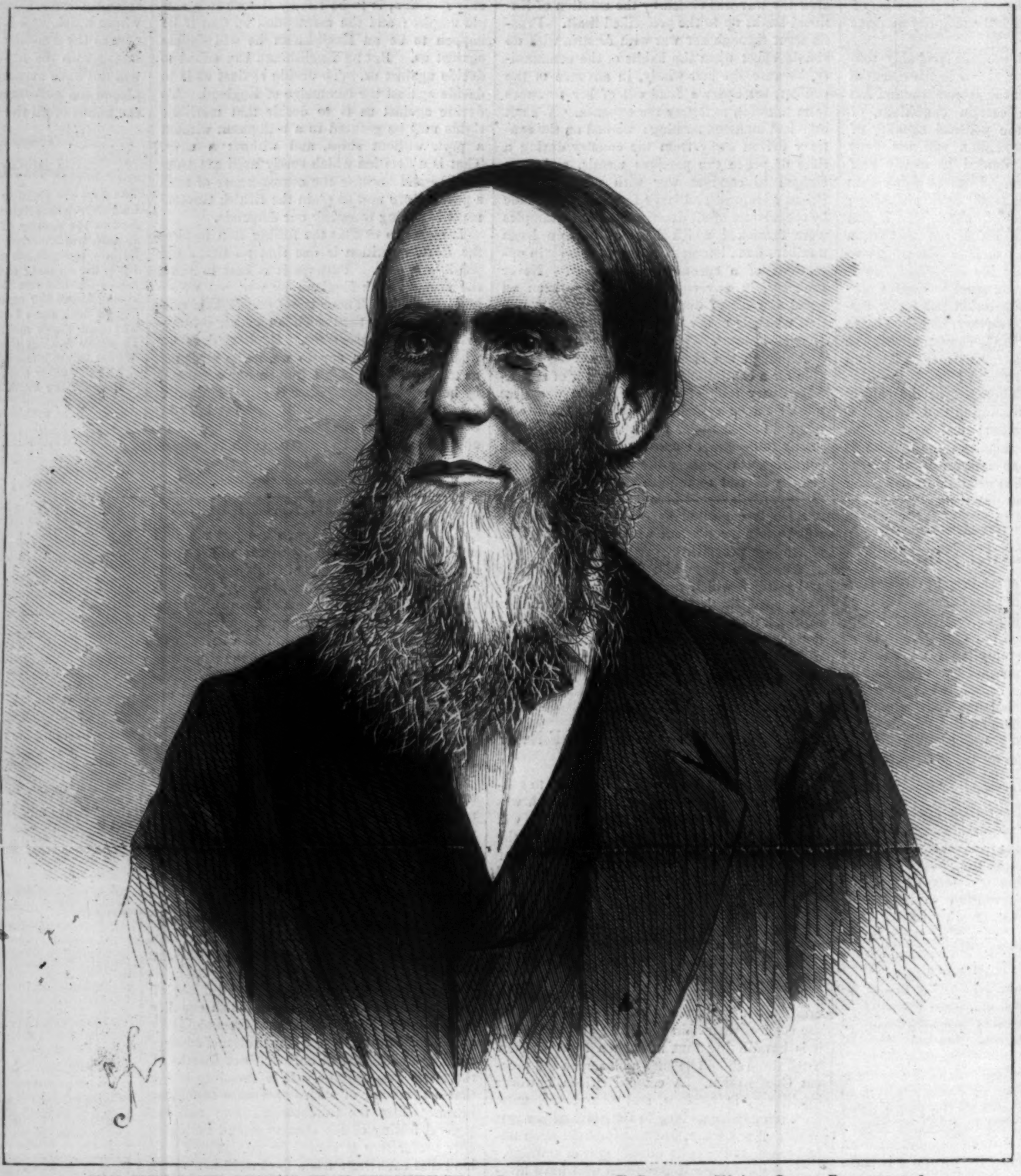
THE Russian Government urges Greece to agree to the proposition of the Paris Conference for the settlement of the existing disputes between that country and the Ottoman Empire. It is thought that Greece will comply.

Details of the news from Rio Janeiro show that the success of the Allied Powers in Paraguay has been most complete. All the Paraguayan forts are in their hands. They have captured the artillery and baggage of Lopez's army, and 2000 prisoners. The Dictator, Lopez, was a fugitive in the forests, and was surrounded by the Allied troops.

The Church difficulties in Spain, which led to the assassination, recently, of the Governor of Burgos, has induced the Government to issue a proclamation declaring the equality of religious sects before the law.

The Papal Nuncio is about to withdraw from Madrid. The treatment to which he has been subjected is regarded in a most unfavorable light by the foreign representatives, and they have protested against the indignities offered to him.

The steamship *Pereire*, Captain Duchesne, sailed from Havre on Friday, the 15th of January, for New York, touching at Brest, which port she left the day following, the 16th. She experienced strong head winds and heavy weather almost from the start. The storm increased in violence until, when five days out from Brest, it became a furious gale which threatened the destruction of the ship. Heavy seas broke over her, carrying away entirely her forward deck cabin, the dining saloon for the second-class passengers, deluging the engine-room, and partially disabling the ship. The storm caused the vessel to lurch tremendously, and the passengers and crew were thrown from place to place with great violence. The loss of life and injury to person on board are attributable to this cause only. At length on the 21st the *Pereire* shipped an immense sea, estimated at a thousand tons, which completely flooded the cabin, and killed one of the passengers outright—a Miss Funckelburg, from Germany. The storm coming from the west, Captain Duchesne being doubtful of his ability to successfully ride it out, thought is prudent to put the vessel about, which was done, and she arrived safely at Havre on the 26th. Three of the crew and three of the second-class passengers were killed, and many others injured. The injuries, however, were mainly slight, and all are now doing well. Mr. Callaghan, a Catholic priest, Mr. Foulquier, a Frenchman, and Miss Funckelburg, were the only passengers killed. The latter had her neck broken. None of the first-class passengers were injured.



HON. JOHN SCOTT, SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, 712 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.]

THE HON. JOHN SCOTT.

JOHN SCOTT, who was on the 19th of January elected Senator by the Pennsylvania Legislature, was born at Alexandria, in Huntingdon County, where he obtained a fair education, and prepared for the practice of law. He soon acquired a local reputation, which widened until he was recognized as one of the best lawyers in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In politics he was formerly a Democrat, but even during BUCHANAN'S Administration he leaned toward the side of the Opposition. In 1860 he was the Democratic candidate for the State Senate from his district, but was defeated; the next year he was elected to the Lower House as a War Democrat. He has since uniformly acted with the Republican party, and in 1867 presided over the State Convention at Williamsport.—He is about 47 years of age. His father was a Representative in Congress from 1829 to 1831. Mr. SCOTT is one of the few examples of a public man attaining to the office of Senator without having been previously a member of the House, or having filled some important position under the State Government.

THE BAY OF SAMANA, SAN DOMINGO.

THE Bay of Samana, San Domingo, of which we give an illustration on this page, was one of Secretary SEWARD'S unhappy bargains. At least Congress does not seem disposed to think it worth while to pay $5,000,000 in gold for the possession of this harbor. It is an extensive inlet of the sea, forty miles long and twelve broad, at the western extremity of the large island of San Domingo, or Hayti. It is formed by the peninsula, or rather island, of the same name, divided from the main land by creeks filled with water at high tide. This shelters the bay on the north side, and it affords a safe and capacious anchorage for any number of ships.—The purchase of this harbor has been contemplated ever since the steps taken by some active New York adventurers sixteen years ago. At that date it was proposed to place 4000 or 5000 American settlers in the country, the population of which is estimated at only about 200,000, and the obvious intent was to acquire this place, with its valuable coal-mines, which are very important for the supply of steamers. The town of Santa Barbara, on the north shore, possesses excellent natural facilities for repairing vessels. The bay affords one of the finest harbors in the world, and occupies an important commercial and military position. The negotiations opened with the Dominican republic for the cession of this port to the United States in 1853 were unsuccessful.

BARTERING FOR ANIMALS.

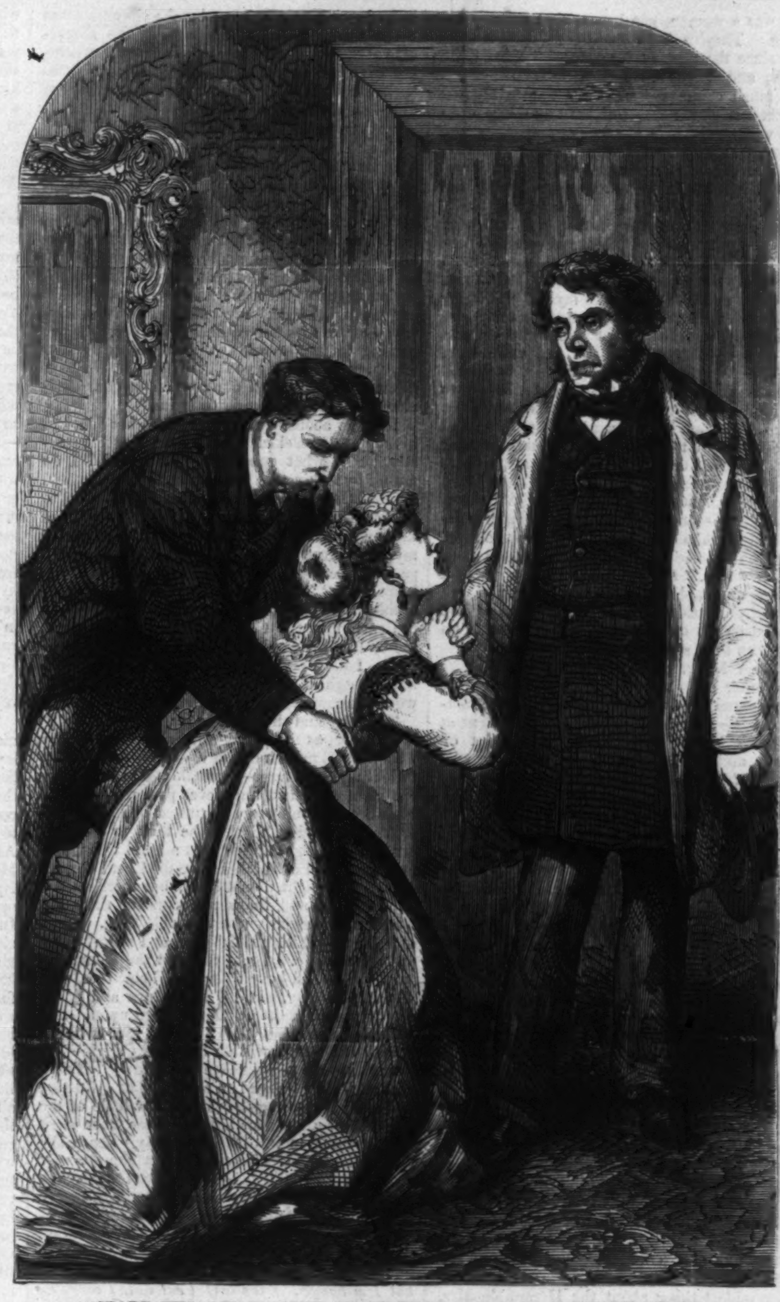
WHENEVER a vessel from a civilized nation may touch upon the coasts of South America, of the Sandwich Islands, or, indeed, of any semi-barbarous country, one is met upon landing by a group similar to that shown in our illustration on page 101. The natives gather about the newly arrived strangers (if they have not already boarded the vessel before the disembarkation), show their collections of curious animals of every description, and try to negotiate an exchange. These specimens of natural history are often brought home by sailors and naval officers. The scene which we illustrate is more frequently witnessed on the South American coast.

THE BAY OF SAMANA, SAN DOMINGO.

THE LAWYER'S STORY.

Everybody knows Hammer Nailsby. Oho! They know him well enough, and have felt, over and over again, how neatly he can pinch, how lightly he can clutch, how sharply he can bite. The old man has more than one customer in this room. I've made many of you shake in your shoes and sue for mercy in my time; and now, I dare say, you're delighted to see me ruined, broken down, and a prisoner. If I was hard, if I was harsh, whose fault was it? I only wanted my money, I only asked for my own. If you sued to me for time, and sued me in vain, why didn't you write me out a check before you went down on your knees? What's the good of going down on your knees if you haven't got any money? As for your being glad to see me in a sponging-house I don't care a button about it. Whoever I sued—whoever I outlawed—whoever I arrested—whoever I forced into Basinghall or Portugal Street—whoever I brought to misery and beggary, had only himself to thank for putting himself into my power. Business is business, and whatever I did was done strictly in the way of business. I hate humbug. I was always open and above-board in business matters. I won't say any thing about being fair, because fairness wasn't in my line of business. But you walked into my place with your eyes open. If I was a shark I opened my mouth and showed my teeth before I ate you. I never asked people to borrow my money; but when they asked me to lend them some I said, "Look here! I'm not going to tell you any lies about parties in the City or clients in the country who want me to lay out their funds for them at good interest. I lend money myself. It doesn't belong to any parties in the City or clients in the country. It's mine—never mind where I got it from—and I intend to make as much money by turning and turning it over as many times a year as ever I possibly can. My rate of interest's sixty per centum per annum. That means, if you don't pay me down on the nail when a bill comes due, a hundred and sixty per cent.—perhaps more. That's your look-out. *I* don't ask you to take my money. I'd much rather keep it, and there are plenty of uses quite as profitable which I can turn it to. But if you take it here's the stamp, and here's the bill, and here's the amount of interest you'll have to pay in three months' time, and here's the money! There's no beating about the bush with me—what I say I mean. I'm none of your shuffling, pettifogging, two-penny-half-penny bill discounters, who put a customer off with half wine, or half pictures, or jewelry, or camel's bits, or ivory frigates, or flint-lock muskets from the Tower! There's so much money coming to you from this bill, and here's a check for the amount, or if you like it better here's the cash in notes or gold!"

Perhaps you'd like to know how I took to lending money? It doesn't matter a rap now if you know all. I'm a broken man—quite gone to the dogs, and I've no motive for concealment. My father lent money before me. He kept an inn in a little market-town in Suffolk, and lent money, at as high a rate as he could get for it, to the farmers round about. They called him "Weasel" Nailsby, although his name was Peter, just as they call me Hammer Nailsby, although my name is John. Many were the standing crops mortgaged to my father; many were the flocks, and herds, and horses, and farming implements which he had seized by the sheriff. His strong-box was full of leases and notes of hand; and then he made all the farmers who were in his debt come to his inn when they attended market, and eat and drink of the best at his own prices. There was a stupid story whispered round about our part of the country that a great squire, Sir Percival Rightborn, of Orley Hall, had positively paid "Weasel" Nailsby a handsome sum of money to go away, and never to show his face—his ugly face, they call it—in that neighborhood again, as he was fairly ruining all the farmers within a radius of seventy miles. But the story was mere lying gossip, and I fancy that Sir Percival Rightborn, of Orley Hall, was himself rather too deep in "Weasel" Nailsby's books to be able to pay him any thing to go away.



"SPARE HIM! MR. NAILSBY—SPARE HIM!" SHE SAID, SHEDDING TEARS.

However, my father did leave Suffolk eventually, and came up to town, where there was a much wider field for his abilities. He settled, gentlemen, in a highly respectable neighborhood—that of Clare Market; and there, for nearly twenty years, he resided, prospering exceedingly. He made a rule of never lending more than five pounds at a time—and he would have much preferred lending five shillings—and he never lent them for more than a fortnight. Those were in the days before county courts, and all that rubbish, and you could pop a man into the Fleet for forty shillings. In the course of time all the butchers about Clare Market, all the small tradesmen about Drury Lane—ay, and a good many market gardeners and florists in Covent Garden—had done business with "Weasel" Nailsby. Oh, he was a sharp customer, was my dad!

My mother was as sharp as he, and was not above lending a bit of money now and then, quite in a friendly manner, to the wives of working-men or petty shop-keepers; for which, of course, she took their husbands' I O U's. She was a great hand, too, at persuading women to run up scores with the tallymen, who, in most cases, were merely agents of "Weasel" Nailsby. Ah, if my mother had been alive, I should never have fallen into the cursed scrape which has been my undoing. "John," she used to say to me, "I've done business with my own sex, and it's only a woman that's fit to do business with 'em. They're too sharp for the men, John. They'll have the best of you in the long-run; and, though I say it that shouldn't, I warn you to keep clear of women, both in marriage and in money." She's been dead and gone nearly thirty years.

I was sent to a school at Camberwell—a commercial school—when I was nine years old, to make me sharp. The master had been bankrupt in the Irish cattle trade; but he wrote a beautiful hand, and was a capital accountant. We didn't have any Greek and Latin, or French and drawing, or any of that kind of nonsense, but we were kept pretty stiffly to our slates and our copy-books, and at fourteen years of age I could write like copper-plate, and knew all about vulgar fractions and the rule of three. I should like to know how many of you grand young gentlemen who've had a college education, as you call it, can say the same? Directly I came from

BARTERING FOR ANIMALS—SCENE ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN SEA-BOARD.—[See Page 100.]

school, being, as I think, tolerably sharp, I was put into a lawyer's office in Lyon's Inn to make me sharper. Insolvency was the principal part of my employer's business, and my time was mostly spent between Portugal Street, the Fleet, and the Marshalsea. When I was seventeen my father, to make me additionally sharp, made me for a time his own clerk, agent, and collector of rents; for he had by this time bought the freehold of a good many houses about Clare Market—nice, ruinous tenements, let out in rooms at two shillings a week—a better investment for a prudent landlord than the grandest mansion in Pall Mall. When I was twenty I was articled to another lawyer, a solicitor in Carey Street. He never touched such small game as insolvency; but he was a wonderful hand at conducting the affairs of fraudulent bankrupts. He did a good deal in the bill line too; and before I was out of my articles I had become not only sharp, but hard—not only hard, but strong. I was Hammer Nailsby.

I had just been admitted a solicitor—I'm one now, yet I dare say somebody will be trying to strike me off the rolls—when my father, the "Weasel," died, and I found myself the possessor of thirty thousand pounds, put away in safe investments. I was the only child, and sole residuary legatee; and there was no nonsense or bother about the will. I went into business for myself; and Hammer Nailsby, attorney-at-law, of Argyll Street, Regent Street, is, I flatter myself, a character pretty well known. I chose the West End as a place where to set up my office, for the reason that I had a soul above buttons, that I despised the petty gains to be scraped from lending small sums to working tailors and chandlers' shop-keepers in Clare Market, and that I felt that my real sphere of action was among the "Swells." Ecod! I've made the swells dance to a pretty tune in my time. Sixty per cent. on a loan of five pounds was all very well in my father, the "Weasel's," time; but cent. per cent. on five thousand pounds was a kind of thing that suited Hammer Nailsby much better.

If I was to give you a history of all my transactions during the five-and-thirty years I did business in Argyll Street I should be furnishing you with the materials for five-and-thirty five-act plays and as many three-volume novels, and all I told you would be true, whereas the plays and novels are all fudge. I had but two clerks all this time: one was deaf and dumb—he attended to the indoor business, and was a capital fellow to keep secrets; the other looked after the outdoor work—he drank considerably, but was wonderfully clever at making inquiries, serving writs, and hunting out gentlemen who were out of the way. Until my troubles came upon me I always thought it a very mean and shabby thing for a gentleman to avoid a person to whom he owed money.

Well, as you know very well, I made a good thing of the money-lending business. I was always the plaintiff and plaintiff's attorney too, and saved a lot of money every year by making out my own bills of costs. I made much, much money. [Here Hammer Nailsby uttered that which was something between a sigh and a groan, but more closely resembled a grunt than either.] I must have been worth at one time near seventy thousand pounds, and now, with all my sharpness, I haven't a penny.

I came to know the peerage, the baronetage, the Army List, the Court Guide, the Law List, and the Clerical Directory by heart. I only did business with swells, and it was mostly in those books that I found the swells suitable for my purpose. I never advertised in the papers for custom, not I. I never employed runners or sharpers to bring flies to my web. I had only to sit in my back office from ten to four every day, and the flies would come tumbling in quickly enough of their own accord. There were always two or three broughams standing at Hammer Nailsby's door. I've made the proudest duke in England wait three-quarters of an hour in my front office, not because I was engaged, but I wanted to take his Grace's pride down a peg or two. Duchesses, countesses, ladies—I've had 'em by dozens, with their diamonds in their reticules, begging and praying me to let them have a hundred-pound note. Members of Parliament and colonels in the army, country rectors and University dons, dandies, Guardsmen, barristers, popular preachers, owners of race-horses, and managers of theatres, every body who had a position, or a title, or a name, came to Hammer Nailsby. I never troubled myself about tradesmen and clubs, and such like tag-rag and bobtail.

Ten years ago I was a very wealthy man. I had a splendid balance at my banker's. The house I lived in was my own. I had an estate in Suffolk, close to the very house where my father had lent money to the farmers. I gave seven-and-twenty thousand pounds for this land, and the house upon it, and I promise you that the son of the great squire, Sir Percival Rightborn, who had now come into the title, was civil enough to plain Hammer Nailsby. There had always been a little business account open between the Baronet and myself.

I was a bachelor, and I enjoyed myself out of business hours. I betted a little, and generally won. I played cards a good deal, and *always* won. I gave very nice little dinner-parties; and woe betide my lord Marquis, or the right honorable Baronet, and the noble Captain, if they pleaded other engagements, or failed to come up to time, when Hammer Nailsby invited them to put their legs under his mahogany. *You've* dined in Argyll Street many a time, Sir Firebrace Montresor. Do you remember my thirty-four port? do you remember my eighteen-hundred-and-eleven cognac? It was like oil. And my charming Moet? and my East India Madeira? I wasn't a stingy host. I always gave you a good skinful when you came to Argyll Street.

It was a woman, gentlemen, that was my undoing. They've been getting us into trouble ever since the time of Adam and Eve and the apple; and it was my fate, at last, to find out how much common-sense there was in my old mother's advice, never to have any thing to do with women either in the way of marriage or of money. It happened, ten years ago, as I say, that one of the swell parties with whom I was brought into business contact was a Captain Milbray, of the Life Guards. He was a fine, handsome young fellow, over six feet high, and with a big pair of mustaches. Many a time I've seen him in St. James's Street, on a drawing-room day, ogling the women, and admired, I dare say, by them; and I've thought to myself "That big black horse with the beautiful saddle-cloth you're riding, my fine fellow—that shining helmet and breast-plate—that sash of silk and velvet—ay, down to your jack-boots, all belong, body and bone, to Hammer Nailsby." He did belong to me, root and branch, and I had thousands out of him. He had been a ward in Chancery; but I had lent him money before he came of age; and, so soon as ever he was twenty-one, I made him pay up, principal and interest. And then, of course, I lent him more money, and more. He had very soon run through the estate his father had left him, which did not amount to more than five thousand a year; but all his connections were very rich. He was next heir but one to a peerage, and had vast expectations from a rich old aunt. I was foolish enough to let him owe me, and on his own personal security alone, no less a sum than seven thousand pounds.

Captain Milbray was not married; but, like many other officers and gentlemen in the Life Guards—and the Foot Guards, too, for the matter of that—had a dainty little establishment at St. John's Wood, which cost him a mint of money; and there was a dainty little lady, who was called the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, and was, I believe, no more Honorable, and no more Mrs. Rivers, than my deaf-and-dumb clerk. A worthless, vindictive, treacherous, deceitful cat! Ugh! I should like to have her throat in my grip, with her long, fair hair, and her big gray eyes that were always beaming with some infernal mischief or other.

This creature had managed to get rid of a pretty slice of the seven thousand pounds which Captain Milbray had, and, if the truth were known, of a good many more thousands to boot. She was the most extravagant little devil you could possibly conceive. Silks, satins, velvets, Brussels and point lace; horses, carriages, French poodles, and Skye terriers; powdered footmen and ladies' maids in ringlets; Champagne suppers and maraschino breakfasts; trips to Richmond, Greenwich, Brighton, and Paris; stalls at the play, and boxes at the opera—that was the way in which Captain Milbray's money went: or rather, it was my money which was thrown to the dogs at South Bank, St. John's Wood. The young scamp had solemnly promised me that he would never bet; but six months before I ceased to do business with him, I discovered that he had won six thousand pounds on the Derby and lost nine on the St. Leger.

The oddest thing about the Honorable Mrs. Rivers was, that although she was as wasteful as could be, and would have spent every shilling of Milbray's, so long as he had a shilling to give her, she was passionately fond of him. I believe that she loved Horace Milbray with her whole heart and her whole soul. She was never happy but when in his company, and, questionable as her career had formerly been, she was certainly faithful to him. Well, one fine morning the young spark's rich old aunt took it into her head to die. In due course they buried her, and her will was read, and the result of the perusal of that precious document was that poor old Hammer Nailsby found that he had been robbed—infamously robbed and swindled of his hard-earned capital and interest. If ever I trust a man again on the strength of his expectations under his aunt's will, may I be broiled on a gridiron, that's all!

I was, of course, utterly astonished at this coming to an end of all the fine prospects of Captain Horace Milbray. *My* measures were very soon taken. "I'll have those fine jack-boots and buckskins off your legs in no time, my fine jackanapes," I said to myself, and I did. I made the Captain sell his commission to begin with; but he was deeply in debt to his brother officers and his agents. They had to be settled with before I could touch the proceeds, and I barely realized two thousand pounds out of the sale of his captaincy. Then, of course, I sold up the dainty little establishment at St. John's Wood; sent the powdered footmen packing, and the ladies' maids with their curls to keep them company, and seized all madam's diamonds, and a good many of her silk and velvet dresses into the bargain. But, for all this, the Captain was still a good three or four thousand pounds on the wrong side of the ledger with me. Of course, I had him served with no end of writs, and got judgment and execution against him, thinking, perhaps, that his aristocratic relatives would come forward and pay what he owed. But not a single penny would they advance. At last—his aunt had been dead at least three weeks—I lost all patience, and going up one evening to the furnished lodgings which he had taken for Mrs. Rivers, in Berkeley Street, Portman Square, I told him plainly that if he didn't have a check for a thousand ready for me by the next day at noon, I'd give instructions to the Sheriff's officers, and lock him up. I knew very well that he could no more raise a thousand pounds than a thousand pence by the time I specified; but I still thought that if I once got him safe under lock and key, his swell friends and relatives would at last come forward to help him out of his difficulties.

Would you believe it, that no sooner had I delivered—civilly enough, under the circumstances—the message I had for him, than the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, with her yellow hair all streaming over her shoulders, and her big, gray eyes bathed in tears, flings herself plump down on her knees on the carpet at my feet.

"Spare him, Mr. Nailsby, spare him!" she said. "Do not consign the man I love—the only man I have ever loved, to a jail."

"Stuff and nonsense, ma'am," I answered. "Get up, and don't make a scene. The Captain ain't a bale of goods, is he, that I can consign him to a jail or any where else? I mean simply to lock him up unless he pays me the money down he owes me; and all the crying and whimpering in the world won't answer my purpose."

"Get up, Lizzie," says Milbray to Mrs. Rivers; and he lifts her up and kisses her. Then, turning to me, he adds, with his cursed proud air, "Send any body you like here, Mr. Nailsby, to-morrow, but if you don't go about your business now I'll kick you down stairs."

I did go about my business then; but I locked him up at two o'clock the next day most punctually. And what good, you may ask, did I do myself by locking the Captain up? Well, I acted for the best—that is to say, what I considered to be for my own particular good; but, in this case, I'm bound to own that I didn't particularly serve myself by arresting Captain Milbray. He couldn't pay, for the very good reason that he hadn't any more money left. I think that I and the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, between us, had had most of the cash that the Captain had once possessed. He had still a good many rich relatives, as you know, I dare say, Sir Firebrace; but they'd all had enough of lending the Captain money, and wouldn't come forward with another penny.

The long and the short of it was that the gallant officer, as the penny-a-liners say—although I should feel more inclined to say the confounded swindling adventurer—went through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and never paid me a penny. He went to Boulogne, and turned billiard-marker, as I'm told; and then he took to drinking brandy, and then he died, as a good many gallant officers in difficulties have died before him.

My story ought to end here; but there's a last act to come, and that's the worst of them all. There was somebody else who didn't die. She's alive now, and it's at her suit that I'm locked up at Rattenbury's. I told you that the Honorable Mrs. Rivers, although she had helped to ruin Captain Milbray, did absolutely love and adore the very ground the Captain walked upon. I've been told since that when I caused him to be arrested, she went down on her knees again—but it wasn't to me this time—and swore a great oath that she'd be revenged on me for what I'd done; and she was revenged. You know little of the strength of a woman's bitter purpose when she's set her mind to it. After Milbray's death she had to live by her wits again; but she was still very pretty—the jade!—and played her cards well. She was actually clever enough to marry Jack Vanderpant, the great betting-man, race-horse owner, gambling-house keeper, diamond merchant, and bill discounter. Jack died after about two years, and left her a wealthy widow, *but I'm hanged if the artful cat didn't carry on the business!* She had the impudence to set herself up as a rival to Hammer Nailsby, and, in the end, she beat me. She wormed herself into all my secrets; she decoyed me into unlucky speculations; she spirited my best customers away from me; she planted bad ones on me; she bought up my securities; in the end, she ruined me—for all my cleverness, for all my cunning, for all my long experience—ruined me, root and branch, and brought me here!

And to think that I should be beggared, and, at last, flung into jail, all through the vindictive persistence of one revengeful little woman! What harm had I done? I'd only asked Captain Milbray for my own, and took him in execution purely in the way of business. But there's no gratitude left in this world!

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. BARLOW.

A great reader of good fiction at an unusually early age, it seems to me as though I had been born under the superintendence of the estimable but terrific gentleman whose name stands at the head of my present reflections. The instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow, will be remembered as the tutor of Master Harry Sandford and Master Tommy Merton. He knew every thing, and didactically improved all sorts of occasions, from the consumption of a plate of cherries to the contemplation of a starlight night. What youth came to without Mr. Barlow was displayed, in the history of Sandford and Merton, by the example of a certain awful Master Mash. This young wretch wore buckles and powder, conducted himself with insupportable levity at the theatre, had no idea of facing a mad bull single-handed (in which I think him less reprehensible, as remotely reflecting my own character), and was a frightful instance of the enervating effects of luxury upon the human race.

Strange destiny on the part of Mr. Barlow, to go down to posterity as childhood's first experience of a Bore! Immortal Mr. Barlow, boring his way through the verdant freshness of ages!

My personal indictment against Mr. Barlow is one of many counts. I will proceed to set forth a few of the injuries he has done me.

In the first place, he never made or took a joke. This insensibility on Mr. Barlow's part not only cast its own gloom over my boyhood, but blighted even the sixpenny jest-books of the time. For, groaning under a moral spell constraining me to refer all things to Mr. Barlow, I could not choose but ask myself in a whisper when tickled by a printed jest, "What would *he* think of it? What would *he* see in it?" The point of the jest immediately became a sting, and stung my conscience. For my mind's eye saw him stolid, frigid, perchance taking from its shelf some dreary Greek book and translating at full length what some dismal sage said (and touched up afterward, perhaps, for publication), when he banished some unlucky joker from Athens.

The incompatibility of Mr. Barlow with all other portions of my young life but himself, the adamantine inadaptability of the man to my favorite fancies and amusements, is the thing for which I hate him most. What right had he to bore his way into my Arabian Nights? Yet he did. He was always hinting doubts of the veracity of Sinbad the Sailor. If he could have got hold of the Wonderful Lamp I knew he would have trimmed it, and lighted it, and delivered a lecture over it on the qualities of sperm oil, with a glance at the whale fisheries. He would so soon have found out—on mechanical principles—the peg in the neck of the Enchanted Horse, and would have turned it the right way in so workmanlike a manner that the horse could never have got any height into the air, and the story couldn't have been. He would have proved, by map and compass, that there was no such kingdom as the delightful kingdom of Casgar, on the frontiers of Tartary. He would have caused that hypocritical young prig, Harry, to make an experiment—with the aid of a temporary building in the garden and a dummy—demonstrating that you couldn't let a choked Hunchback down an Eastern chimney with a cord, and leave him upright on the hearth to terrify the Sultan's purveyor.

The golden sounds of the overture to the first metropolitan pantomime I remember, were alloyed by Mr. Barlow. Click click, ting ting, bang bang, weedle weedle weedle, Bang! I recall the chilling air that passed across my frame and cooled my hot delight, as the thought occurred to me: "This would never do for Mr. Barlow!" After the curtain drew up, dreadful doubts of Mr. Barlow's considering the costumes of the Nymphs of the Nebula as being sufficiently opaque obtruded themselves on my enjoyment. In the clown I perceived two persons: one a fascinating, unaccountable creature of a hectic complexion, joyous in spirits though feeble in intellect, with flashes of brilliancy; the other a pupil for Mr. Barlow. I thought how Mr. Barlow would secretly rise early in the morning, and butter the pavement for *him*, and, when he had brought him down, would look severely out of his study-window and ask *him* how he enjoyed the fun. I thought how Mr. Barlow would heat all the pokers in the house and singe him with the whole collection, to bring him better acquainted with the properties of incandescent iron, on which he (Barlow) would fully expatiate. I pictured Mr. Barlow's instituting a comparison between the clown's conduct at his studies—drinking up the ink, licking his copy-book, and using his head for blotting-paper—and that of the already mentioned young Prig of Prigs, Harry, sitting at the Barlovian feet, sneakingly pretending to be in a rapture of useful knowledge. I thought how soon Mr. Barlow would smooth the clown's hair down, instead of letting it stand erect in three tall tufts; and how, after a couple of years or so with Mr. Barlow, he would keep his legs close together when he walked, and would take his hands out of his big, loose pockets, and wouldn't have a jump left in him.

That I am particularly ignorant what most things in the universe are made of, and how they are made, is another of my charges against Mr. Barlow. With the dread upon me of developing into a Harry, and with the further dread upon me of being Barlowed if I made inquiries, by bringing down upon myself a cold shower-bath of explanations and experiments, I forbore enlightenment in my youth, and became, as they say in melodramas, "the wreck you now behold." That I consorted with idlers and dunces is another of the melancholy facts for which I hold Mr. Barlow responsible. That Pragmatical Prig, Harry, became so detestable in my sight that, he being reported studious in the South, I would have fled idle to the extremest North. Better to learn misconduct from a Master Mash than science and statistics from a Sandford! So I took the path which, but for Mr. Barlow, I might never have trodden. Thought I with a shudder, "Mr. Barlow is a bore, with an immense constructive power of making bores. His prize specimen is a bore. He seeks to make a bore of me. That Knowledge is Power I am not prepared to gainsay; but, with Mr. Barlow, Knowledge is Power to bore." Therefore I took refuge in the Caves of Ignorance, wherein I have resided ever since, and which are still my private address.

But the weightiest charge of all my charges against Mr. Barlow is, that he still walks the earth in various disguises, seeking to make a Tommy of me, even in my maturity. Irrepressible instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow fills my life with pitfalls, and lies hiding at the bottom to burst out upon me when I least expect him.

A few of these dismal experiences of mine shall suffice.

Knowing Mr. Barlow to have invested largely in the Moving Panorama trade, and having on various occasions identified him in the dark, with a long wand in his hand, holding forth in his old way (made more appalling in this connection by his sometimes cracking a piece of Mr. Carlyle's own Dead-Sea Fruit in mistake for a joke), I systematically shun pictorial entertainment on rollers. Similarly I should demand responsible bail and guarantee against the appearance of Mr. Barlow, before committing myself to attendance at any assemblage of my fellow-creatures where a bottle of water and a note-book were conspicu-

ous objects. For, in either of the associations, I should expressly expect him. But such is the designing nature of the man that he steals in where no reasonable precaution or prevision could expect him. As in the following case:

Adjoining the Caves of Ignorance is a country town. In this country town the Mississippi Momuses, nine in number, were announced to appear in the Town Hall, for the general delectation, this last Christmas-week. Knowing Mr. Barlow to be unconnected with the Mississippi, though holding republican opinions, and deeming myself secure, I took a stall. My object was to hear and see the Mississippi Momuses in what the bills described as their "National Ballads, Plantation Break-Downs, Nigger Part-Songs, Choice Conundrums, Sparkling Repartees, etc." I found the nine dressed alike, in the black coat and trowsers, white waistcoat, very large shirt-front, very large shirt-collar, and very large white tie and wristbands, which constitute the dress of the mass of the African race, and which has been observed by travelers to prevail over a vast number of degrees of latitude. All the nine rolled their eyes exceedingly, and had very red lips. At the extremities of the curve they formed seated in their chairs were the performers on the Tambourine and Bones. The centre Momus, a black of melancholy aspect (who inspired me with a vague uneasiness for which I could not then account), performed on a Mississippi instrument closely resembling what was once called in this Island a hurdy-gurdy. The Momuses on either side of him had each another instrument peculiar to the Father of Waters, which may be likened to a stringed weather-glass held upside down. There were likewise a little flute and a violin. All went well for a while, and we had had several sparkling repartees exchanged between the performers on the tambourine and bones, when the black of melancholy aspect, turning to the latter, and addressing him in a deep and improving voice as "Bones, Sir," delivered certain grave remarks to him concerning the juveniles present, and the season of the year; whereon I perceived that I was in the presence of Mr. Barlow—corked!

Another night—and this was in London—I attended the representation of a little comedy. As the characters were lifelike (and consequently not improving), and as they went upon their several ways and designs without personally addressing themselves to me, I felt rather confident of coming through it without being regarded as Tommy; the more so, as we were clearly getting close to the end. But I deceived myself. All of a sudden, and apropos of nothing, every body concerned came to a check and halt, advanced to the foot-lights in a general rally to take dead aim at me, and brought me down with a moral homily, in which I detected the dread hand of Barlow.

Nay, so intricate and subtle are the toils of this hunter, that on the very next night after that I was again entrapped, where no vestige of a springe could have been apprehended by the timidest. It was a burlesque that I saw performed; an uncompromising burlesque, where every body concerned, but especially the ladies, carried on at a very considerable rate indeed. Most prominent and active among the corps of performers was what I took to be (and she really gave me very fair opportunities of coming to a right conclusion) a young lady of a pretty figure. She was dressed as a picturesque young gentleman, whose pantaloons had been cut off in their infancy, and she had very neat knees, and very neat satin boots. Immediately after singing a slang song and dancing a slang dance, this engaging figure approached the fatal lamps, and, bending over them, delivered in a thrilling voice a random Eulogium on, and Exhortation to pursue, the Virtues. "Great Heaven!" was my exclamation. "Barlow!"

There is still another aspect in which Mr. Barlow perpetually insists on my sustaining the character of Tommy, which is more unendurable yet, on account of its extreme aggressiveness. For the purposes of a Review or newspaper, he will get up an abstruse subject with infinite pains, will Barlow, utterly regardless of the price of midnight oil, and indeed of every thing else, save cramming himself to the eyes.

But mark. When Mr. Barlow blows his information off, he is not contented with having rammed it home and discharged it upon me, Tommy, his target, but he pretends that he was always in possession of it, and made nothing of it, that he imbibed it with his mother's milk, and that I, the wretched Tommy, am most abjectly behindhand in not having done the same. I ask, why is Tommy to be always the foil of Mr. Barlow to this extent? What Mr. Barlow had not the slightest notion of himself a week ago, it surely can not be any very heavy backsliding in me not to have at my fingers' ends today! And yet Mr. Barlow systematically carries it over me with a high hand, and will tauntingly ask me in his articles whether it is possible that I am not aware that every school-boy knows that the fourteenth turning on the left in the steppes of Russia will conduct to such-and-such a wandering tribe? With other disparaging questions of like nature. So, when Mr. Barlow addresses a letter to any journal as a volunteer correspondent (which I frequently find him doing), he will previously have gotten somebody to tell him some tremendous technicality, and will write in the coolest manner: "Now, Sir, I may assume that every reader of your columns, possessing average information and intelligence, knows as well as I do that"—say that the draught from the touch-hole of a cannon of such a calibre bears such a proportion in the nicest fractions to the draught from the muzzle; or some equally familiar little fact. But whatever it is, be certain that it always tends to the exaltation of Mr. Barlow, and the depression of his enforced and enslaved pupil.

Mr. Barlow's knowledge of my own pursuits I find to be so profound that my own knowledge of them becomes as nothing. Mr. Barlow (disguised and bearing a feigned name, but detected by me) has occasionally taught me, in a sonorous voice, from end to end of a long dinner-table, trifles that I took the liberty of teaching him five-and-twenty years ago. My closing article of impeachment against Mr. Barlow is, that he goes out to breakfast, goes out to dinner, goes out every where high and low, and that he WILL preach to me, and that I CAN'T get rid of him. He makes of me a Promethean Tommy, bound; and he is the vulture that gorges itself upon the liver of my uninstructed mind.

DR. TYNDALL'S LAST DISCOVERY.

THAT ever-active physicist, Dr. Tyndall, who has already proved himself a worthy successor of his illustrious master, Faraday, has just added to his other scientific triumphs the discovery of a new kind of chemical experiment, remarkable for its simplicity of idea, and which there is reason to believe will soon open a very large field of inquiry. "It consists," to use his own words, "in subjecting the vapors of volatile liquids to the action of concentrated sunlight, or to the concentrated beam of the electric light;" and some of the results which he records are of such singular, almost inconceivable beauty, that for this reason alone, and putting aside their important application to many atmospheric phenomena, and probably to art, they have a claim to be noticed in these pages.

He uses the *experimental tube.* It is connected with an air-pump and with a series of tubes used for the purification of the air, and at one end of the tube, which lies horizontally and is closed by plates of glass, is placed an electric lamp so arranged that the axis of the tube and that of the parallel beam issuing from the lamp are coincident.

The substances whose vapors were passed into the tube and there exposed to strong light are known to chemists as nitrite of amyl, iodide of allyl, iodide of isopropyl, hydrobromic acid, hydrochloric acid, hydriodic acid. To the great majority of our readers these terms, excepting perhaps the last three, convey no more information than the appalling word, *Hinterladungsvetterligewehrpatronenhülsenfabricantarbeitenchef* (which is quoted in the *Cosmos* of Sept. 26), would do to a person totally ignorant of German. This is, however, of not the slightest consequence, and all that need be known is that they are all readily converted into vapors by the application of a moderate heat. When these vapors are exposed to the above-described action, clouds of the most beautiful appearance, and at some points vividly iridescent, show themselves in the tube. When the nitrite of amyl vapor is mixed with a little air the cloud is white; but if air is freely admitted and the nitrite vapor thus attenuated, the cloud varies in color from a milky blue to a pure, deep blue. "There could scarcely," says the author, "be a more impressive illustration of Newton's mode of regarding the generation of the color of the firmament than that here exhibited; for never, even in the skies of the Alps, have I seen a richer or a purer blue than that attainable by a suitable disposition of the light falling upon the precipitated vapor. May not the aqueous vapor of our atmosphere act in a similar manner?"

The cloud yielded by iodide of allyl was extremely beautiful. The whole column revolved round the axis of the decomposing central beam, and was nipped so as to have an hour-glass appearance, while round the globular dilatations delicate cloud-filaments twisted themselves in spirals. It also folded itself into convolutions resembling those of shells. When hydrogen is made the vehicle of this vapor, the cloud assumes a pearly lustre, such as Dr. Tyndall has often noticed in certain conditions of the atmosphere in the Alps.

The action of light upon the vapor of iodide of isopropyl occasions in the course of a few minutes some singularly graceful developments. The column of cloud is seen to divide into two parts near the middle of the tube, and in one experiment a globe of cloud formed at the centre with axis projecting right and left. Sudden commotions were observed in the nebulous mass, buds of cloud shooting out and growing into flower-like forms. In one case the cloud-bud grew rapidly into a serpent's head; a mouth was formed, and from the mouth a cord of cloud, resembling a tongue, was rapidly discharged.

The aqueous vapor of hydrobromic acid mixed with air gave rise to the formation of two clouds five inches apart, and united by a slender cord of cloud of the same bluish tint as themselves. After undergoing various modifications of form, both clouds presented the appearance of a series of concentric funnels set within one another, the interior ones being seen through the gaseous walls of the outer ones. As many as six of these concentric funnels were observed.

The aqueous solution of hydrochloric acid yields a vapor which required an exposure of fifteen or twenty minutes to the electric light for the production of a fully developed cloud. It was then divided into several sections, united to each other by a slender axis. "Each of these sections," says Dr. Tyndall, "possessed an exceedingly complex and ornate structure, exhibiting ribs, spears, funnels, leaves, involved scrolls, and iridescent *fleurs-de-lis.* Thus the structure of the cloud from beginning to end was perfectly symmetrical; it was a cloud of revolution, its corresponding points being at equal distances from the axis of the beam."

The aqueous vapor of hydriodic acid yields a nebula which so far resembles those of the two preceding acids that the process commences by the formation of two small clouds united by a cord; but it exhibits more vivid colors (green and crimson) than the other vapors. Of the various substances experimented on none gave such astonishing results as this. "The development of the cloud," says Dr. Tyndall, "was like that of an organism, from a more or less formless mass at the commencement, to a structure of marvelous complexity;" and this grand simile is fully borne out by his description of the changing phenomena which he observed. After a time the cloud formed into a spectral cone with a circular base, from which filmy drapery seemed to descend. On this base was an exquisite vase, with a vase of similar shape in its interior, and from the edges of the vases fell the faintest clouds. The anterior portion of the cloud assumed in succession the forms of roses, tulips, and sunflowers; it also presented the appearance of a series of beautifully shaped bottles placed (like the funnels in a previous case) one within the other; and once it positively assumed the form of a fish, with eyes, gills, and feelers. "The *twoness* of the animal form," says the observer, "was displayed throughout, and no disk, coil, or speck existed on one side that did not exist on the other." For nearly two hours Dr. Tyndall looked in wonder at the extraordinary vision which his magic skill had evoked.

These experiments are capable of almost any degree of modification and extension. They have already revealed to us a new world abounding in images of almost inconceivable beauty; but it is very probable that they have more than an æsthetic value. The assistants who watched the phenomena with the Professor, and whose minds were probably of a more practical cast, remarked that these reactions "would prove exceedingly valuable to pattern-designers," and if artistic skill can seize these fleeting phantoms there is no reason why this idea should not be carried out.

The chemical reactions which occur in these experiments are only slightly noticed, and do not admit of a popular explanation; it is, however, in the highest degree probable that future chemists will make this form of experiment a potent auxiliary to the laboratory, while future meteorologists will find in it the true explanation of various atmospheric phenomena which as yet remain in more or less obscurity.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A DARKEY in Natchez was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had bought at a rival store. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The darkey assented, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat dis child much; for while he was getting the sugar I stole two pair of shoes."

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so badly,
They kiss and kiss each other.

A LADY REPLIES.

Men do not kiss among themselves,
It's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so
They ne'er would kiss again.

RIDDLES BY A WRETCH.

What is the difference between a surgeon and a wizard?—The one is a cupper, and the other is a sorcerer.

Why is America like the act of reflection?—Because it is a roomy-nation.

Why is your pretty cousin like an alabaster vase?—Because she is an *objet de looks.*

A letter bearing the following superscription was recently received at the Silver City post-office, from Iowa:

"Augustus Jones, a web-foot scrub,
To whom this letter wants to go,
Is chopping cord-wood for his grub
In Silver City, Idaho."

THE NEW BACK-GAMMON—The Grecian bend.

THE SWELLS.

Hear that noisy lot of swells—
Silly swells!
What a deal of trashy talk their company foretells!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the ball-room of a night!
Making such a fearful clatter,
As if something were the matter,
And had put them in a fright.
Killing time, time, time
(Never thinking it a crime)
With the foolish conversation, to the little, laughing belles,
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells—
While a-walking and a-talking with the belles.

See those dissipated swells—
Drunken swells!
What a tale to temperance that tipsy tumble tells!
In the startled air of night
Ringing bells with great delight,
And singing songs with all their might,
Although the words they do not quite
Distinctly utter.
Reeling, reeling, reeling,
Standing, sitting, kneeling,
Rolling, rolling, rolling,
On their homeward journey strolling,
With a resolute endeavor
Now, now to sit, or never,
Side by side with their companions in the gutter,
In the gutter—
Arm in arm with their companions in the gutter.

See those horrid dandy swells—
Scented swells!
What a world of rapid talk their company compels!
How disgusting their flirtation,
And affected adoration
Of ev'ry exclamation
Of the belles!
Oh, maidens young and single!
Lest your ears with pain should tingle,
Never listen to the jingle
Of the swells—
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells—
To the jingling and the dingling of the swells.

A doctor was very much annoyed by an old lady who always stopped him on the street to tell him of her ailments. Once she met him when he was in a great hurry. "Ah, I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor. "Shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor moving off left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

GROSS BEHAVIOR—Getting fat.

HISTORY OF BOSTON.

Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, is a city of no mean pretensions. In age it antedates the Pyramids.

When first discovered by the Ten Tribes, in 1283 B.C., it bore the marks of extreme antiquity.

Faneuil Hall is supposed to have been the original Solomon's Temple, and Boston Common is known to be the Garden of Eden with modern improvements. The Tree of Life has been removed to make room for the magnificent Old Elm, and the Four Rivers are represented by the beautiful fountain which squirts continually.

Boston was named in honor of a certain cracker, which was there made in great perfection by the pre-Adamite inhabitants. And it retains the name—and the cracker—to this day.

A certain of its poets, whose *nom de plume* is Holmes, has called Boston the Hub of the Universe. Being the hub, and also a place where the risible muscles are never used, it may fitly be termed the centre of gravity.

No one laughs in Boston, and whoever would smile must go into a bar-room to do it.

The streets in Boston are unlike the one in Damascus which was called Straight. When laid out, far back in the carboniferous period, the Street Commissioner did not heed the injunction of the "Great Expounder:" "Ye solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations." And so the lanes and avenues of the town stagger about after the similitude of a ram's horn.

The principal hotel was formerly kept by Theodore Parker, and is still called the Parker House. It is kept on the European plan, which is, to charge so much for a room that you have no money left to invest in a breakfast.

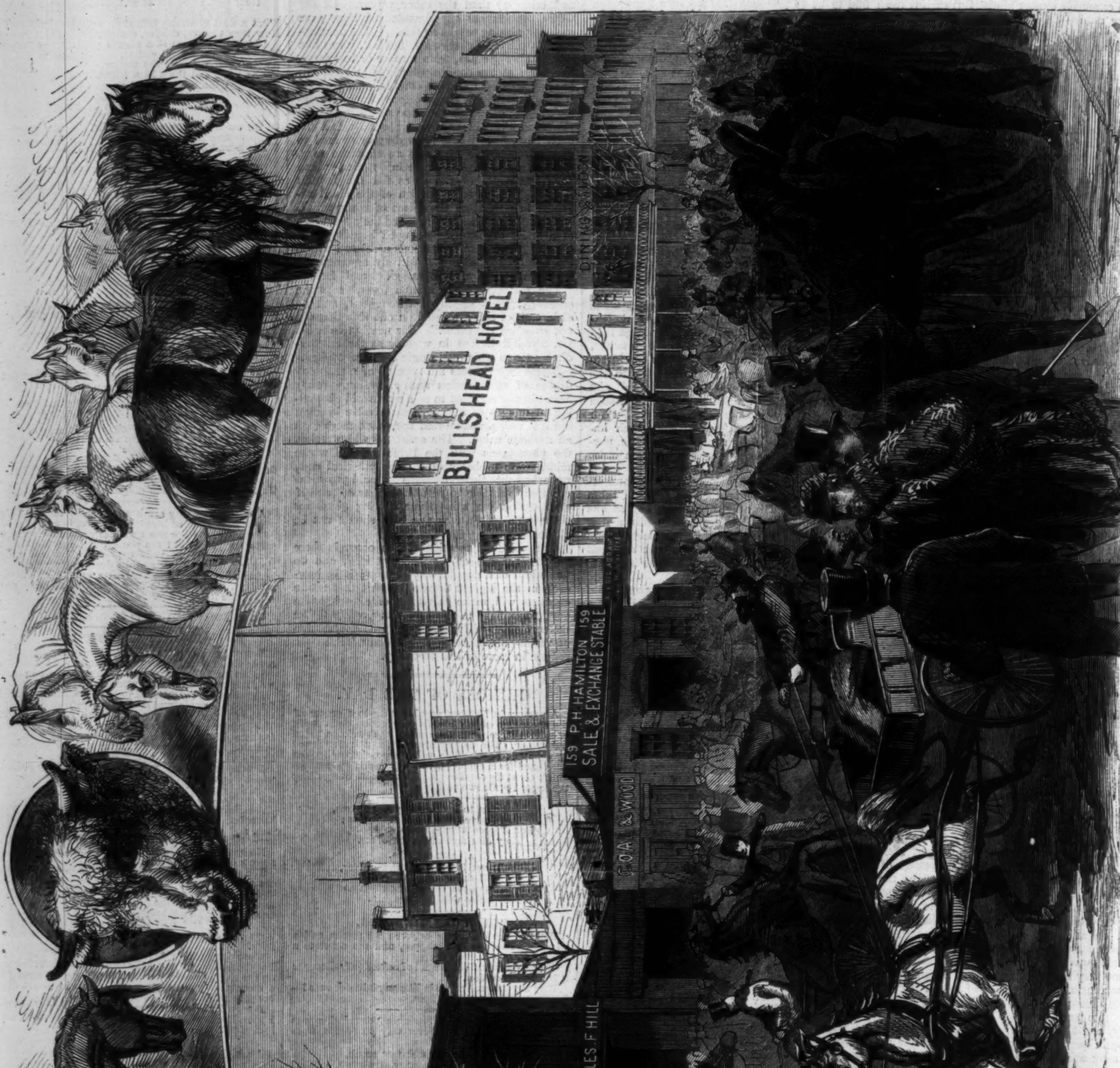
Boston includes the towns of Cambridge, Jamaica Plains, Roxbury, Framingham, Worcester, Salem, and indeed all Massachusetts.

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover that she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?"

"Ah, but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you, so they won't know it."

OUR IRREPRESSIBLE "BILL"-STICKER.
"TO-MORROW TO FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW."



THE HORSE MARKET, BULL'S HEAD, NEW YORK CITY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 109.]

"THE WELL-KNOWN KNOCK."

A SIMPLE and touching story of duties and trials in humble life, of wifely devotion and marital constancy, is told in our illustration on this page. By the dresses of the young mother and the little one who has risen with her, and also by the candle brought and placed on the stairs—not to be blown out at the door by, perhaps, a stormy wind raging without (and the "cast shadows" thrown by which are so well-managed by the artist)—we see that the summons for admission to a beloved home has come at night. That it is the return of husband and father we have an additional assurance in the title. By the ear of affection that knock could never be mistaken: sweeter music could not reach it. We are further told, by the eager gratification depicted on the pleasant countenance of the wife, and in her attitude of haste, so wholly free from any trace of doubt or apprehension, and by the quiet confidence of the child, longing likewise to give the kiss of welcome, that absence has been enforced by duty, and any delay was compulsory. This is no return of base truant, vile drunkard, reckless gamester, or penitent prodigal. However long the return has been expected, there will be no look or word of upbraiding in the reception. Perhaps it is some service of responsibility and danger which detains the man from home habitually far into the night; perhaps some public duty by sea or land. It may have been some ordinary journey; but very possibly it is the return from a long and perilous voyage, and the "well-known knock" comes like an angel voice in the still night, announcing glad tidings of joy and comfort to the yearning heart of the young wife and mother—mother perhaps since the husband's absence. A thousand conjectures the spectator may please to indulge in; but however romantic the explanation to which he inclines the picture forbids any dénouement for the story but one of the fruition of hope and love in bliss unqualified. No subject could more forcibly suggest the perfect happiness of home.

"THE WELL-KNOWN KNOCK."

MODELING A HOMESTEAD.

THE group represented on our first page is very suggestive. During the long winter evenings what occupation can be more interesting to the family gathered about the fireside than that of "modeling a homestead?" The first question with birds—the first problem they set about solving—is that of nest-building. With every frugal family the establishment of a permanent homestead should have the same prominence. It is of the first importance. Our population is rapidly increasing, the demand for houses, and consequently the price of rent, is daily growing greater, especially in our large cities and in their neighborhood; and the question presses imperatively upon all citizens: "Shall we pay rent in houses built for us upon the plans of speculative landlords, or shall we build for ourselves, and upon our own plans, such as our several necessities and our tastes suggest?"

The freedom from the thralldom of rent is in itself a great end to be secured. But this is by no means all. The homestead, which is the outward and material symbol of the spiritual significance of home, should become ours not simply by legal possession; it should be an outgrowth

from our own souls, stamped with the impress of our own thoughts. The robin can not build a nest for the swallow; and why should Mr. Boodle or Mr. Coodle build a homestead for you or me? Of course, we may need to consult those who are more experienced than ourselves as to materials best adapted to certain ends, as to cost, or as to the practicability of our plans, considering the means at our disposal. But every good housewife knows exactly what sort of a kitchen or pantry would suit *her* best. Every family can agree as to what would be the nicest kind of parlor for itself, or what kind of sitting-room would precisely meet its ideas of comfort and cheerfulness. Even the hall can have a sort of individuality impressed upon it, so that the first entrance of a stranger would disclose some hint as to the taste of the occupants. The size of the bedrooms and the character of their finishing; the convenience and abundance of closet-room; the number, arrangement, and shape of the windows; the style of portico or piazza; every thing, in fact, from the floor of the cellar to the chimney-top is a subject for mature deliberation, and for the exercise of individual tastes. The house we live in, not less than the garments we wear, should furnish some indication of our predilections.

The first thing is the determination to build; such a purpose will furnish an additional motive to economy and thrift. Then comes the planning—the delicious occupation of many pleasant hours spent in family consultation. Even the youngest members of the household are interested, and may participate in the work. The outlined sketches of plans on paper are by no means satisfactory. Therefore our group in the illustration prefers modeling. This may be done either by the use of wooden blocks or of card-board; the latter being more convenient, because more easily managed. In this way a perfect model can be shaped of the future homestead. It is a happy little fireside company, which we commend to our readers. Let us hope that the house will not only be modeled but built, and that it will shelter those who will always be as ready to co-operate with and help each other as they do now in this "modeling of a homestead."

THE NIGHT-SUMMONS.

I NEVER could quite make up my mind to like Captain Standril. He was only Lieutenant Standril when he first came to Buckholme, and let my sister Alice see how deeply he was in love with her. He was very good-looking and very accomplished; and in the eyes of Alice and mamma, he was simply perfection. Any opposition that I, a raw school-girl of fifteen, might have felt inclined to offer to my sister's engagement would have been worse than useless; it would only have sown discord where love the most complete had heretofore reigned, and would not have influenced Alice's after-fate in the least. So the wedding-day came and went, and took our dear one with it. Mamma and I were left in the old house alone; and Buckholme had never seemed so desolate to either of us as it did now that Alice's pleasant laugh was no longer heard in its rooms.

About six months after Lieutenant Standril's marriage his regiment was ordered to Ireland; and then Alice would have been lost to us entirely but for the letters that passed to and fro between Buckholme and the little town where she was in quarters with her husband.

My sister had been gone about a couple of years when that terrible affair of the bank-failure took place. Mamma lost two-thirds of her entire fortune in the crash, and my little portion went the same way.

As a consequence of this calamity we were obliged to quit Buckholme, the spot where Alice and I had been born and brought up, and close to which was the church-yard where our father lay buried. Mamma could no longer afford to keep up so large an establishment. We were even obliged to leave dear old Scotland; and, to my girlish fancy, crossing the Border was like going into a foreign country. Mamma had a little house, her own property, in one of the northern counties of England, and that was to be our future home. After Buckholme, it was a mere cottage; and for several weeks after our arrival we seemed to have scarcely breathing-room in it. But that feeling of narrowness and want of space quickly wore itself away, and we came to look upon the little house emphatically as home, and as such we grew to love it. It was pleasantly situated on an upland sweep of rich pasture-land. From its windows you looked across a wide expanse of undulating valley to the foremost spurs of a range of great hills that stretched northward—one giant pressing close on the shoulders of another almost to the Border itself—and formed no bad substitute for the more rugged grandeurs of my native land. Our tiny demesne was shut in on one side by the sluggish waters of a canal. This canal was a great eyesore to mamma, who always spoke of it as "that ditch;" but for my part I did not dislike it. The slow-trailing barges, laden with coal or merchandise, and the gay packet-boats that passed our windows twice a day—one up and one down—lent a touch of human interest to the landscape, and were of service to us in drawing our thoughts for a little while from ourselves and our immediate troubles.

Alice had been gone about three years. Of late her letters had been very infrequent, and those that we did receive were confined to details of the meagrest kind. They breathed no syllable of complaint, yet there was always a troubled look in my mother's eyes for a day or two after she had received one of them. In the last letter sent us by Alice there was no hint of what came to pass such a short time afterward; consequently, our surprise was all the greater when, in the dusk of a certain summer evening, a fly stopped at our garden-wicket and the next moment I clasped my sister to my heart.

It was only natural, after the first glad surprise of the meeting was over, that both mamma and I should want to know how it happened that Alice had come back so unexpectedly, and without a single word of announcement. But my sister stopped us at the outset.

"Captain Standril's regiment is ordered to Canada," she said, "and he will accompany it. I decline going to Canada; consequently, I am come back home. I have nothing further to tell you; and if you love me, you will not ask me a single question more."

And nothing further did she tell us. We were too happy to have her with us to question her against her will as to her reasons for returning.

During the six months that followed between the night of her return and the strange incident which I have now to record, Alice received but two letters from her husband. Whether the news they contained was good or bad no one ever knew but herself. All she said was, that Captain Standril was quite well and desired his regards to mamma and me; but she seemed even more melancholy after the receipt of them than she had been before, although not the faintest murmur or complaint of any kind escaped her lips. Both mamma and I were anxious on the score of her health, which seemed to wane with the waning year: the listless, brooding sadness that was upon her deepened from month to month, and the doctor's visits grew more frequent as Christmas drew near. But Alice's illness was of the heart, and all the tonics in the world would have availed her but little.

That winter was the hardest that had been known south of the Border for years; but I had been used to hard winters all my life. The black frost, which set in about the middle of December, promised before long to afford me an opportunity of indulging in my favorite pastime of skating, which, on leaving Buckholme, I had given up as a lost pleasure—as a something which I could hope but rarely to enjoy again. Every morning when I awoke my first glance was to the window of my room, to see whether a filigree of frost-work still obscured the panes; and morning after morning the dainty tracery was there again, telling me that the frost had not yet broken.

When the frost had lasted four days I sent Simon, our solitary man-servant, who was coachman, butler, and gardener in one, to make a secret reconnoissance, and report privately to me as to the character and capabilities of its ice.

"It 'll bear all right by to-morrow, Miss Theo, will t' ice," was Simon's report.

Next morning I imparted my project to mamma; but she would not listen to it till two days later, when my importunities induced her to yield a reluctant consent. I must go alone, or not go at all; but I did not mind that. I had spent many a solitary hour skating on the great loch near Buckholme, with no company but my own thoughts. So Simon went down with me to the edge of the canal and put on my skates for me, and then I started. I had a glorious three hours on the ice; and got back home all aglow, just as the sun was dipping into the gray mists of the dying afternoon.

A week passed and still the frost held without the slightest sign of a break. Every day I went on to the ice for a longer or shorter time; and mamma was quite as anxious now—being well assured that the ice could not give way—that I should enjoy this healthful exercise while I had an opportunity of doing so, as I was to second her wishes in the matter. Dear mamma! She was afraid that Alice's melancholy would infect my spirits if I staid too much indoors; that I should catch the trick of sadness without having its warranty.

On the morning of Christmas-eve there came a third letter from Canada addressed to my sister. We were all sitting at breakfast when it was brought in, for, this morning, Alice seemed better than usual, and had come down quite unexpectedly. She opened the letter with hands that trembled slightly. As her eyes took in the contents a deep angry flush mounted to her white face. Next minute she arose, looking beautifully indignant, and, crossing the floor, thrust her husband's letter between the bars of the grate, and did not turn away her gaze till it was burned to ashes. Then she crossed the room to leave it. She was going back to the solitude of her own little chamber up stairs.

"Is Robert quite well, dear?" asked mamma, anxiously, as Alice's hand was on the door.

"Captain Standril is quite well," she answered, coldly, and next moment she was gone.

Later in the day I went out on the ice as usual, but the edge of my enjoyment was taken off by my sister's evident trouble. If only she would have made a confidante of mamma, and have told her every thing, I felt convinced that half the sting would have been taken out of her trouble. But she nursed it in solitude, brooding over it in lonely misery, and, by her obstinate silence, making all three of us far more wretched than we need have been, had not her lips been sealed by mistaken pride.

I was met by mamma on entering the house. "Alice is much worse this afternoon," she said. "The letter she received this morning seems to have given a shock to her nervous system which has utterly prostrated her. I would send for Dr. Webb but that she is so obstinately bent on not seeing him after his visit of yesterday; and when she sets her mind either for or against any thing you know how determined she can be."

"Has she said any thing to you respecting the contents of the letter?"

"Not a word."

As the evening advanced Alice seemed somewhat better, but still very silent and depressed; and altogether it was the most wretched Christmas-eve I had ever known. I was glad when bedtime came. After I had put out my light I stood peering out of the window for a few moments. A slight snow-shower had fallen a few hours before, but the clouds had rolled themselves away by this time, and the wide landscape, white and solemn, lay bathed in clearest moonlight. What a pity it seemed, I thought, to waste in sleep hours that could claim so much beauty as their own!

I was fast enough asleep, however, when mamma came into my room, about two o'clock, and touched me on the shoulder. "I want you to get up, dear," she said. "Alice is much worse, and I am becoming very anxious about her."

Mamma's anxiety was at once shared by me when I entered my sister's room. That she was very dangerously ill was quite evident even to my inexperienced eyes. "Dr. Webb must be summoned at once," said mamma; "but whom can we send to fetch him?"

Dr. Webb lived at Dale-end, a little town five miles away. So solitary was the position of our house that he was the nearest practitioner. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no difficulty in summoning him. Old Simon would have got out Ball, the pony, and have driven him over to Dale-end with the basket-carriage, and have brought the doctor back with him. But to-night it so happened that neither Simon nor the pony was available. The former had gone to spend Christmas with some friends several miles away; and Ball, a few days previously, had fallen lame, and was for the present utterly useless. Besides mamma and myself there remained in the house only two maid-servants, who would rather have forfeited their situations than have walked five miles along a lonely country road at that uncanny hour.

"I will go and summon Dr. Webb," I said, in answer to mamma's question.

"But, Theo, you can never walk five miles at this time of the night."

"I both can and will do it. Dr. Webb will bring me back in his gig."

"It will never do for you to go alone. Bessy, the house-maid, must accompany you."

"She would only be an encumbrance, and I am not at all afraid. I should get along twice as well without her. You know my walking powers of old."

"I must really insist, Theo, upon Bessy going with you. Otherwise I shall go to Dale-end myself."

I should probably have carried my point in the end, but just then a sudden thought struck me, which left me for the moment powerless to speak, and mamma at once went to call Bessy.

Five minutes later Bessy and I were ready to start. Mamma let us out at the front-door and bade us God-speed, and stood watching us till we shut the garden-wicket behind us and were lost to view. Moon and stars were shining brightly, and all the country-side lay white before us. The snow was not thick enough to impede walking: it just served to deaden the noise of our footsteps on the hard ground. There was a keen frosty wind that smote us like a scourge when we got out of the sheltered lane and turned our faces northward.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Theo, but you are taking the wrong turn," said Bessy. "We shall never get to Dale-end this way."

"Yes we shall, Bessy; or rather I shall. There will be no need for you to go."

"But Mrs. Saltoun said I was to go with you, Miss Theo; and, any how, this is not the road."

"Let me enlighten you: I am going to skate there along the canal."

"Law! miss, you will never be so foolish!" exclaimed Bessy, utterly aghast at the idea. "Whatever will your mamma say?"

"Mamma has had to forgive me many worse things than that. I shall reach Dale-end in half the time it would take me to go by road, and Dr. Webb will be able to see my sister so much the sooner. I want you to go down to the canal with me and assist me on with my skates. After that you can go back home and tell mamma what I have done."

Bessy grumbled, but was obliged to give way. I sat down on a large stone by the canal side, and she assisted me to fasten on my skates. My dress was well looped up, so as not to impede my movements; my hands were protected by a tiny muff; last of all, Bessy tied a handkerchief over my hat and under my chin. Then I started. Good-hearted Bessy stood on the bank and waved me a tearful farewell, as though I were going on a voyage of a thousand miles.

The ice was in splendid condition. The keen wind that had sprung up since midnight had swept the powdered snow off its surface almost as well as a broom could have done. To find myself on the ice by night was to remind me of old happy hours in Scotland when we used to go out, a great party of us, with torches and bag-pipes, and skate on Buckholme Loch. I nerved myself to the occasion, and determined to do the distance at racing speed. It was six miles, a mile further than by road. When the black span of the first bridge was touched and passed, and Bessy left a quarter of a mile behind, the overpowering solitude of the scene began to weigh upon my heart. But the condition of my sister was of itself enough to make me feel sad and anxious. It could not surely be that we were going to lose her? And yet there was something in her appearance to-night that excited my worst fears. In my own mind I could not help connecting my sister's increased illness with the letter from her husband which she had received that morning while at breakfast. If that hateful Captain Standril had never come to Buckholme Alice would not have left us, and all the after-misery of her life resulting from her marriage with that man would have been spared her.

Such was the precise nature of the thought in my mind at the moment that a faint sound struck on my ear and caused me to turn my head. I was disagreeably startled to find that I was not quite so entirely alone on the ice as I had imagined myself to be. There was some one behind me—a man. "Some belated skater, no doubt," said I to myself, "who has been detained by good cheer and good company, and is now making the best of his way home."

Without feeling exactly frightened I was yet rather anxious and timid, and at once put on my speed to the utmost with the view of distancing the stranger behind me. But I quickly perceived that the attempt was a futile one. My pursuer—for such, although I had no reason whatever for so doing, I could not help calling him in my own mind—was rapidly lessening the distance between us. The ring of his skates was plain enough now to my ear above the noise made by my own. Suddenly I decided to slacken my speed, so as to let this troublesome individual shoot ahead of me, since that seemed the only way to get rid of him. It was not without a quickened beating of the heart that I put this plan into operation and reduced my speed by one-third. The stranger now came up "hand over hand." "He will reach me at the bridge," said I to myself, calculating the distance with my eye. So it was. As we shot under the bridge, he was skating in my shadow; as we shot out on the other side, he and I were abreast. I kept my eyes fixed straight before me and skated on, but still at a reduced speed. I was momently expecting to see the stranger glide on in front of me, leaving me to pursue my journey alone. But he did nothing of the kind. We had left the bridge three hundred yards behind, and he was still skating in an exact line with me. My indignation was rapidly overcoming my timidity. "A piece of unwarrantable impertinence to intrude his company on me in this way," I said to myself. With that I turned to fix him with a haughty stare; perhaps to question him, and saw—whom?

"Captain Standril!"

My first feeling was one of utter surprise at finding by my side a person whom I had at that moment believed to be some thousands of miles away. But this feeling quickly merged itself, and was lost in one that was far more unpleasant—in one of sheer horror. In the first moment of my surprise at seeing Captain Standril I pronounced his name, and was about to add some simple question, but a second glance at him caused the words to die away in my throat. As well as I could make out he was dressed entirely in furs. On his head he wore a close-fitting cap, made of the skin of some animal, from which his pale sharp-cut features and shapely mustache stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight. Yes, his face was very pale. It was more than pale; it was white—a dull, death-like, green white in the light of the moon—the face of a corpse! My soul itself seemed to shudder with a dread ineffable, as the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I was in the company of a dead man. He was looking straight before him at the moment I pronounced his name, and he took no apparent notice of my ejaculation. We were still gliding swiftly forward on our shoes of steel—I almost mechanically; we were still in a line one with the other, with a space of five or six feet between us: we had progressed about half a mile from the spot where Captain Standril had come up with me, when he slowly turned his head, and bent his eyes full upon mine—terrible eyes, with nothing of earthly speculation left in them, but in its place a nameless indescribable something, lighting them up with a strange inward light of their own, so that their expression was as clear to me as if I had seen them by the broad light of day. The horror that was upon me deepened till it was almost unbearable. Earth and sky, moonlight and starlight, and the shining icy floor which my feet were devouring so swiftly, all passed out of my cognizance as unconsciously as a dream fades out of the brain at the moment of waking. We seemed to be skating, my dread companion and I, over a sea of glass toward a precipice that could be discerned dimly in the distance, and over which, having no power to stop ourselves, we must inevitably go headlong to destruction.

As in dreams we have no real knowledge of the duration of time, so, in the state in which I then was, I seemed to have passed hours in skating over the sea of glass, whereas it could only have been half a minute at the most before I came back to a recognition of time and place, and the real circumstances around me; and felt rather than saw, with a throb of unspeakable relief, that my companion's baleful eyes were no longer fixed upon me. In the mere fact of his presence there was something sufficiently terrible; but had he kept his eyes on me much longer I must either have died or gone mad.

There was something appalling in my companion's utter silence. I became possessed by an almost irresistible desire to challenge him, to question him, to do any thing that would cause him to speak; and yet in my secret heart I was intensely thankful that he did not speak: it was a contradiction that I am unable to explain. Had he spoken to me, I should never have summoned up courage to answer again. Nothing, indeed, save the strong consciousness working within me that the errand on which I was bound must be accomplished at every risk gave me the strength needful to accomplish my purpose. Had I been supported by a sense of any duty less stern and exacting that support would have been in vain; I should infallibly have broken down; I should have shrieked aloud for help, though no one could have heard me; I should have turned and fled by the way I had come; or else I should

have fallen senseless on the ice, and have been found next morning frozen and dead. As it was I drew my breath hard, and set my teeth, and murmured to myself: "Not twenty Captain Standrils, dead or alive, shall stop me from going where I want to go!"

I increased my pace and Captain Standril increased his. Onward we sped along a winding course that followed every bend and twist of the little valley, the white meadows, solitary and far-reaching, sweeping down on either side of our icy road without a sign of human life or habitation. The little town for which I was bound lay in a fold of the valley, and could not be seen from the canal till you were close upon it. My heart began to beat more freely at the thought that now the end of my journey was not very far away. About a mile before you reach the town the canal divides itself into two branches, which, after forming a loop (for purposes of trade), come together again in the large basin at the terminus. Each of these channels would have answered my purpose equally well, there being little or no difference in their length; but I had made up my own mind to take that which led to the right. When we were about a dozen yards from the point of division the dark and speechless figure by my side shot suddenly ahead in the direction of the left-hand channel. I now saw, what I had not noticed before, that my weird companion was shadowless! The noise made by his skates cutting the ice could be distinctly heard above that made by mine; in bulk and figure he seemed as other men; his person intercepted the light, and was apparently as palpable to the touch as my own: yet, despite all this, as he shot forward in the brilliant moonlight, not the slightest shadow was cast by his figure on the ice. I saw, and thrilled from head to foot as I saw. At the entrance to the left-hand channel, my companion paused in his career, turned his head slowly, and beckoned to me to follow him. As though impelled by some fatal fascination from the course I had determined on in my own mind, my feet, without any apparent volition of my own, turned off to the left, as if in obedience to my ghostly summons. Another instant and I should have been close on his track, when suddenly I heard my sister's voice, as clear and distinct as ever I heard it in my life, say close to my ear: "Follow him not!" With a half-smothered shriek I swept swiftly round, and next moment I was racing at a headlong speed down the channel to the right.

I thought I had got rid of my ghostly pursuer. My eyes went stealthily round and could see no signs of him. But a couple of minutes later, as I emerged from the shadow of a bridge, he was by my side again. But every minute now my nerves were gaining in steadiness, for the end of my journey was nigh. Presently we shot into the great basin of the canal, the roofs of Dale-end were before me, and my heart gave utterance to a brief silent thanksgiving for my safe arrival. I sat down on the wharf steps to take off my skates. My dread companion had vanished; I was alone.

As I hurried up the narrow tortuous streets of the little town I seemed to be conscious of a vague shadowy presence haunting my footsteps; but whenever I turned my head there was nothing to be seen. This impalpable something followed me close up to the doctor's door, but was gone utterly the moment I laid my hand on the bell. The good doctor was quickly down in answer to my summons. "Oh, Dr. Webb—my sister!" was all I could say; and then I fell insensible at his feet.

When I recovered my senses I found Mrs. Webb by my side, whom her husband had fetched out of her bed to attend to me. There, too, was the doctor himself, ready prepared for the journey.

"You had better stay here for the rest of the night, my dear Miss Saltoun," said the doctor, "or else I may have two patients on my hands instead of one."

"I am quite well now; and I *must* get back home," I replied; nor could all the well-meant efforts of the kind-hearted couple persuade me to the contrary. Five minutes later, well wrapped up in some extra shawls and rugs, I was seated beside the doctor in his gig, on my way home. As we were going along I narrated to Dr. Webb the details of my strange journey on the ice. He answered me, as I quite expected he would do, that my nervous system was out of order; that the delicate mechanism of the brain was slightly disarranged; that my mind had been dwelling too much on Captain Standril and the letter written by him; and that when the mental health was affected in a certain way nothing was more simple than to mistake a spectral illusion for a creature of flesh and blood. Finally, it was Dr. Webb's opinion that what I wanted most was tone; and he would write me out a prescription in the morning which would put all ghostly fancies to flight for the future.

"What you say may be quite correct," I replied; "nevertheless, I am as perfectly convinced that Captain Standril is dead, and that he died within a few hours of the present time, as I am that I am sitting here and speaking with you. All I ask of you is, that you will put down the exact day and hour in your pocket-book, and leave the event to prove whether I am right or wrong."

"Agreed," he said. "There can be no harm in my doing that. You will not, I presume, say a word either to Mrs. Saltoun or your sister respecting what you have just told me?"

"Certainly not. It will be time enough for them to know when the news shall come."

"The news never will come, my dear Miss Saltoun, take my word for it."

We found my sister no worse than when I had left home. Dr. Webb staid with us till breakfast-time. Before taking his leave he showed me the memorandum which he had made in his pocket-book.

A fortnight later came the news of Captain Standril's death. He had been out skating on Christmas-eve with a party of friends on one of the smaller of the Canadian lakes. After some time he had left the ordinary track of the rest of the party for a solitary run up the lake; and when about a mile and a half away from any assistance he had unwittingly skated into a large air-hole, which had been made by some Indians in the ice for fishing purposes. His body was recovered, but not till life was extinct. In the suddenness and terrible nature of this calamity every thing was forgiven and forgotten by his widow, except the one fact that he had been her husband, and that once on a time he had loved her very devotedly. By one loving heart Captain Standril was long and sincerely mourned.

After a time, and from other sources, some particulars of my sister's married life reached us. That it had been a very unhappy one, marked by gambling and dissipation on the one hand, and by patient endurance on the other, is all that need be said here. But there are some things a woman can not forgive, and Captain Standril did that which would not allow of his wife accompanying him abroad. The letter received by Alice on the morning of Christmas-eve contained a request that she would try to persuade mamma—poor as the latter now was—to sell out five hundred pounds' worth of stock, and remit him the proceeds.

I have nothing further to add, except that I was afterward informed that at the time of my journey to Dr. Webb's the ice of the left-hand channel of the canal was broken under one of the bridges. Had I taken that channel, as summoned to do by my ghostly conductor, I should, in all human probability, have met a fate similar to that of Captain Standril.

Dr. Webb is, however, still skeptical, and always speaks of the affair as "a very remarkable case of spectral illusion."

RÉUNION OF THE NEW YORK CHASSEURS.

The Chasseurs left New York city, under their Colonel, John Cochrane, on the 27th of August, 1861. They were officered principally by members of the renowned Seventh Regiment. Alexander Shaler was their Lieutenant-Colonel, and Joseph E. Hamblin their Major. The regiment was organized by the written authority of the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, by whom its Colonel was concurrently (June 11, 1861) mustered into the service of the United States.

On Colonel Cochrane's receiving a commission as Brigadier-General, the officers of the regiment took commissions from the State of New York, upon whose roll the regiment was thence numbered the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers. Before this regiment Colonel Cochrane made his memorable speech, which *first* proposed arming the slaves, and it was the one which introduced into the army the singing of "John Brown."

The Chasseurs served on the Peninsula and in Maryland under General M'Clellan, and having been incorporated with the Sixth Army Corps at the formation of the latter, was present at and participated in all its battles on the Rappahannock, in the Valley, Maryland, Pennsylvania, at Petersburg, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek. The Assistant Adjutant-General of the Corps, Brevet Major-General M. T. M'Mahon, says that "on the 18th of July, 1865, the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers (Chasseurs), *the last regiment* of the greatest army that has ever illumined history by its deeds, was duly discharged from the service of the nation." When mustered out but forty veterans of its original rank and file were left.

Its first field-officers, Cochrane, Shaler, and Hamblin, became successively Brigadier-Generals, and subsequently Major-Generals by brevet. Two of its Captains, William Gurney and Thomas H. Higginbotham, became Colonels of other regiments, and the first-named a Brigadier-General by brevet. In its later campaigns it was commanded by Colonel Henry C. Fisk.

The second réunion of the officers of the regiment was held on the evening of February 3, at the house of General Cochrane. The occasion was honored with the presence of the various Generals under whom it had fought. Generals Franklin, Smith ("Baldy"), Newton, Wright, Abercrombie, and Pike Graham were in attendance, with the ladies of the officers.

When the Chasseurs and their guests drew round the banquet-board General Cochrane introduced the theme of the evening with the recitation of the following stanzas, written by him for the occasion. Our artist has represented the scene at the words

"Comrades, a toast—all standing—"

when the whole company arose, and silently drank the toast:

"Our dead in Freedom's fight!"

Resuming their seats the General proceeded with the stanzas. The following is a copy of the entire poem:

THE CHASSEURS.

We bore upon our roster,
Comrades! a thousand strong;
But battle and the pestilence
Have thinned the martial throng.
The fiery breath of conflict
Consumed our stricken band,
When Death made moan in Opequan,
And on Cold Harbor's strand.

O comrade! from the blood-red field
Bring here your scars to-night;
And, comrade, maimed and marrowless,
Bring to our fading sight
Your battles won—the Wilderness,
Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill;
And hear the word at Gettysburg
Proclaim you victor still.

When men shall in the future
Make up the roll of fame,
Chasseurs! your dead, remember,
Immortalized your name.

We left them there behind us—
We left them where they fell;
But many a sigh and tearful eye
Mourn them we loved so well.

We gazed upon their battle-shrouds,
Upon each pallid face;
Then laid their grimed accoutrements
Each in its proper place.
We pinned their badges on them,
Their swords we placed between;
Beneath each head his knapsack laid,
With each his old canteen.

They're sleeping where we laid them
In bivouac there to-night.
Comrades, a toast—all standing—
Our dead in Freedom's fight!
We've poured the sad libation,
Drained low our silent bowls;
With last behest we pray them rest
To their immortal souls.

On friendship's burning altar
Lay now your mutual hands;
Its lambent flame shall temper
With love our mutual bands.
Our country's children, comrades,
Teach we our brothers then,
The boon conferred at Petersburg
Was Peace, good-will toward men.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Intelligence continues to arrive from California of the ravages of small-pox in various parts of the State, particularly in San Francisco. Great anxiety and distress prevail; especially because the disease assumes the most malignant type, and the symptoms are in many cases so frightful as almost to prevent the necessary attention to the sufferer. The city authorities have adopted every expedient to check the spread of the epidemic. At first it was determined to convey all persons afflicted, whether rich or poor, to a pest-house, and for a time the system was carried out. But the name of "pest-house" alarmed the community, and the word "hospital" was substituted. A number of ladies, known as Sisters of Mercy, volunteered their services as nurses, and measures were adopted to place infected localities under a species of quarantine. The epidemic, however, still increased, and during the last month the deaths reported in San Francisco were over five hundred, the population of the city being only one hundred and thirty thousand. This most unusual mortality is caused by small-pox. A very startling feature of the epidemic, as described in the San Francisco papers, is that vaccination appears to afford no reliable protection. This is by some ascribed to imperfection in the vaccine matter employed; and the wish is expressed that cities on the Atlantic coast would forward vaccine matter which could be trusted as efficacious. Others appear to think that the disease is of too malignant and formidable a type to be resisted by the effects of vaccination upon the system, although properly performed; and this apprehension seems sustained by the accounts of some of the cases. One case related is that of a man who was frightfully pitted by the small-pox, which he had several years ago. He was present in the doctor's office when several persons were being vaccinated, and, for the novelty of the thing, the doctor vaccinated him. Strangely enough the operation was a complete success, accompanied by all the local and constitutional symptoms of the genuine vaccine disease; and when he had entirely recovered the mark left was what physicians call "splendid." About a month after the man was again taken sick with the small-pox and carried to the hospital. The disease assumed the confluent type and he died in a few days.

A Sacramento paper has the following incident, indicating in an amusing manner how extensively the epidemic has enlisted the attention of the community. The writer says: "A little friend of ours found among Santa's offerings a wax doll. It bears the poetical name of Maud, and is taken out every pleasant morning for its health. The other day, observing a piece of orange merino pinned on a stick by the nursery door, I peeped in at the children, when I was quickly notified to leave by little Charley, who seemed to be acting in the capacity of doctor, 'for Maud was tooken dreadful bad with the small-pox, and the yellow flag was hung out!' Dear only knows how much nursing and doctoring went on, but some time afterward I heard some painful discords and failures in an attempt at singing the Sunday-school hymn of 'Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,' after which I beheld a little procession, in which Charley carried the dog, and Floy the cat, dressed up in shawls, and as they slowly wound up the hill into the garden, I understood from the mourning rags they wore, and the general crying and distress, that it was a funeral going on, Maud having died from the disease. I arrived at the little grave under the geranium-bush just in time to rescue the lovely wax doll from being buried. 'She's sewed up in a bag,' said Floy, 'and we would 'a undigged her.'"

A very bold and startling robbery was committed lately at the National Park Bank. At about half past eight o'clock in the morning a man entered the bank, walked quietly back to the rear of the office, and then suddenly but deliberately smashed the large plate-glass window fronting the money department with a large octagon-shaped plate of iron fully ten inches in diameter and nearly an inch thick. The robber then found no difficulty in reaching the piles of bank-notes lying on the desk. He hastily seized a package containing $3636 in National Bank bills of various denominations, with which he darted from the building, the large iron plate being of course abandoned in the bank. He was pursued, arrested, and sent to prison. Strange to say, however, although he was seen to do the deed, he insisted that he was innocent, and desired opportunity to prove himself so. Perhaps he might plead *insanity!* If so, *query*, would the jury acquit him?

It is announced that several oratorios will soon be given in this city, with Madame Parepa-Rosa as soprano. This lady is considered by many the finest, or at least, one of the finest oratorio singers now living. It is certain that the oratorios in which she has taken part have called out a multitude of delighted listeners.

The daily papers lately reported that an attempt had been made by certain parties to secretly ship a quantity of nitro-glycerine from this city to New Haven. It was conveyed across the city in boxes marked "gasoline." Unusual care being manifested in its transportation suspicion was aroused. The boxes were examined, and found to contain nitro-glycerine. If this very dangerous mixture had exploded while passing through the streets the results must have been terrible. The explosive power of nitro-glycerine is variously estimated at from five to thirteen times that of gunpowder. Suddenly heated to 360° Fahrenheit it explodes. At a temperature of 75° Fahrenheit it is liable to spontaneous decomposition. The facts above mentioned having been made public the president of the company from whom the nitro-glycerine was purchased stated that it was packed and transported according to law; that it was marked "Nitro-Glycerine—Dangerous," in large letters, but "in order to make sure of careful handling, it seems the purchaser marked on another end of the boxes 'Gasoline,' in pencil, that article being more dangerous than nitro-glycerine."

For some time past there has been on free exhibition at Snedecor's Art Gallery "The Yosemite Valley," a fine painting by Thomas Hill. The Yosemite Valley is a long, rocky chasm in California, shut in by stupendous walls of granite, over whose perpendicular precipices waterfalls tumble headlong 2600 feet. It is from six to seven miles in length, and half a mile to a mile in width, its trees, shrubs, and grasses resembling quite closely the banks of the Connecticut Valley, though far more luxuriant in growth. The Merced River, a clear blue stream, meanders through it; its banks are fringed with the ash, the oak, the willow, and the birch; and here and there, interspersed among broad, green, quiet meadows of rich grass, there are groves of trees of immense size and wonderful picturesqueness. In Snedecor's gallery there are also many other fine paintings as well as numerous chromos. Lovers of the fine arts, even if they have no wish to purchase, may spend a leisure hour most pleasantly in examining this collection.

Not long ago a Russian peasant entered the office of a publisher at St. Petersburg, and asked him for employment. The publisher thought he wanted a place to do manual labor. To his great surprise, however, he learned that the peasant, on the contrary, desired employment as translator from the English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He said his name was Ivan Pronin, and he lived in the district of Jaroslavl, where he owned a hut and a small piece of ground. All the above-mentioned languages he had acquired from grammars and dictionaries. An examination showed that he was able to translate the most difficult passages in a very pure and fluent style. The publisher engaged him immediately to translate an English philosophical work. The most curious feature about this learned peasant is that he works all day in the field, and devotes only his leisure hours in the evening to literary employment.

The frequent loss of life in this city occasioned by the explosion of kerosene lamps has resulted in a thorough investigation of this matter by the Board of Health. It was ascertained that a large proportion of the oil sold in the city was decidedly unsafe. At a recent meeting of the Board an ordinance was adopted regulating the standard for oil offered for sale. The substance of this ordinance is, that no kerosene oil, or other liquid having similar qualities, shall be kept or offered for sale as a burning fluid unless it can meet the following tests: 1. That it shall not take fire or burn at a temperature below 110 degrees Fahrenheit; and 2. That it shall not evolve an explosive vapor below 100 degrees Fahrenheit. After the Board of Health had thus restricted the sale of kerosene oil, supposing they had the authority to do so, the Metropolitan Fire Department announced that by a State law of 1866 *they* possessed the right to test kerosene sold in this city, and to recover fines for violations of the law. The Board of Health has certainly done a good thing in waking up the Fire Department to a sense of duty, and it is to be hoped some decisive action on the subject will be taken immediately.

The one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, the illustrious Scotch poet, was celebrated last week by a grand banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel. It has been customary heretofore to confine these festive dinners to gentlemen alone, but on this occasion a number of ladies were invited, and honored the occasion by their presence. The admission of ladies to public dinners will doubtless be disapproved by many, yet there can be no question but that their presence would be welcome to a large number, and exert a wholesome, restraining influence upon those who are tempted to indulge in any excesses.

The Portland *Press* informs us that at one period the salmon were so numerous in a spring near the foot of Lewiston Falls that after the ice had gone from the river their backs formed a bridge on which one might venture to walk. This is a great story; but it is certain that now both salmon and trout have disappeared from that spring, and only eels abound. The noble streams of Maine have been depopulated by neglect and improvidence, and must now be re-stocked with fish.

A shocking occurrence is reported from Belleville, Missouri. The only daughter of an esteemed citizen—a lovely girl of eighteen—died and was buried. The day after the funeral, the grief-stricken parents visited the grave of their child; when, to their horror, they found evidences of its having been opened. To relieve their minds investigation was made. It was found that the clothes and ornaments had been stripped from the body and taken away. The corpse was in such a disarranged condition as to require to be redressed and reinterred. The anguish of the fond parents at this gross indignity and outrage can not be described. They have caused the remains of their beloved child to be interred in the garden contiguous to their residence, where it is hoped they will be permitted to repose in peace.

A novel vessel—which is named *Novelty*, by-the-way—has lately been launched in Boston. This is an iron brig, designed to carry molasses in bulk. In the hold she has seven circular tanks, secured on an iron platform, and braced from the sides, and these are all connected with one another in such a manner that they can be either united or disconnected at pleasure. Their combined capacity is 90,000 gallons. On the top of each there is a turret to allow for expansion, and also over each there is a hatchway, so that they can be examined around, above and below, at all times. She has a powerful steam-pump by which to discharge, and it is estimated that in six hours her cargo can be pumped out. At the place where she will discharge in Boston there is a tank to receive her cargo.

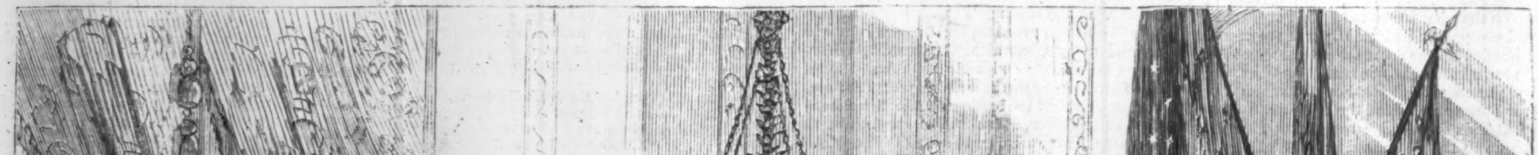
In the Iowa Agricultural College two of the students are women.

Somebody who has seen the novelty lately announced as the "Fowler Adding Machine," says that "this instrument, small enough to be carried in the coat-pocket with no more inconvenience than a common note-book, and simple in its construction as a pair of scissors, will put together sums of figures, in quantities ranging from the limits of simple addition to the dimensions of the national debt, more rapidly than an average writer could set them down, and will announce the sum total of the whole, whether it be units or millions, before an ordinary accountant will have got fairly started on his first column." We therefore suggest to the Board of Education that arithmetic may now be omitted from the course of study, as hereafter all sums can be footed up by machinery. "I would I were a boy again!" will then be the song of those who in former years groaned over the addition table. Seriously, however, the accuracy of this machine is said to be beyond a doubt, the rapidity of its action marvelous, and its simplicity remarkable; and if this is the case, to book-keepers, accountants, and business-men generally, it must prove of immense value.

THE RIVER-POLICE BOAT ON THE LOOK-OUT.—[SKETCHED BY P. FRANZENY.]

THE RIVER-POLICE BOAT.

OUR illustration on this page represents a boat belonging to the Metropolitan River Police force, hidden behind a pier and on the look-out for suspicious crafts that, under the cover of night, move up and down the river for the accomplishment of illegal purposes. The River Police is a regular branch of the city force, organized under Captain HART. It has two sergeants and twenty-two officers, and has at its disposal a number of oarsmen and sailors, ten or twelve boats, and a steamer. The duties of this force are similar to those devolving upon other policemen—the protection of life and property, and the enforcement of sanitary regulations. It is a rough and toilsome service, and not unattended with peril; for this force is brought into contact with some of the most desperate characters which infest our city. The utmost vigilance is required, as every thing depends upon a sudden and unlooked for descent upon the river thieves, who must be caught before they can sink their booty. The boats are usually manned with two or three of-



RÉUNION OF THE NEW YORK CHASSEURS, FEBRUARY 3, 1869.—[SEE PAGE 107.]

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ficers, two oarsmen, and a pilot or boatswain. The boat itself is stoutly built and guarded on both sides by rope fenders to subdue any noise occasioned by running against piers or vessels

BULL'S HEAD HORSE MARKET

THE Bull's Head Hotel was built about forty-two years ago, when the neighboring region consisted of open fields, with here and there a country villa or a farm-house. Lots on the Bowery at that time could be bought for $300 or $400 each. The old tavern at the corner of Twenty-third Street is almost the only relic of that time. In those days the drove-yards were here; now they are up town, and horse-dealers and stables monopolize the neighborhood. The trade in

SCENE IN A VELOCIPEDE RIDING-SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY.

horses is always dull at this season of the year. The open winter, with very little sleighing, lessens the demand for the finest horses. The chief call just now is for railroad horses, which bring from $150 to $200 each, and for work horses at from $250 to $400. The weather has been favorable for opening streets, grading parks, etc., and there is a fair demand for strong, serviceable horses adapted to this sort of labor.

The stock of horses in this country has been very much reduced since the war. The call for fine park and other driving horses has been such as to lead to the conversion of many splendid stallions into geldings, leaving a scarcity of good breeders.

THE WITCH.

I THINK I'd like to be a witch,
To sail upon the sea,
In a tub or sieve, in storm or shine,
Mid wild waves flashing free.

I'd catch the billows by the mane,
The bounding billows and strong,
Goad them, and curb them, or trample them down,
Or lull them with a song.

I'd churn the sea, I'd tether the winds,
As suited my fancy best,
Or call the thunder out of the sky,
When the clouds were all at rest.

I'd wreck great ships if they crossed my path,
With all the souls on board,
Wretched, but not so wretched as I,
In the judgments of the Lord.

And then, may be, I'd choose out one
With his floating yellow hair,
And save him, for being like my love,
In the days when I was fair.

In the days when I was fair and young,
And innocent and true;
And then, perhaps, I'd give him a kiss,
And drown him in the blue.

In the blue, blue sea, too good to live
In a world so rotten and bad.
I think I'd like to be a witch,
To save me from going mad!

OLD LOVES.

THE love of a boy or girl is unique. It is never repeated in kind, though it may be even surpassed in degree; for the love of the mature heart is more powerful than that of the youthful; but the freshness, the ecstatic sense of certainty, the sublime belief in itself and its own immortality, in its unchangeableness and future, characteristic of the first young love, have no echo even in the strength and fidelity of the mature. Besides, it is so divinely blind; and its blindness remains, though the eyes may be couched to see every thing else. Though our early charmer was snub-nosed and red-headed, and fully half a dozen years our elder, yet our memory plays magic tricks with reality, and we think of her to this day, as we believed her at the time: beautiful, golden-haired, and sixteen. If we have never seen her since that fatal hour when we tore ourselves from her side in an agony of despair at the cruel fate which sent us to New Zealand or the West Indies, no shock of personal experience has shattered the sweet falsehood of our boyish dreams, and she will always be to us what she was; but if we have seen her after our eyes have been couched, we stand aghast, as at the discovery of some Mélusine in her serpent state. That plain-featured, commonplace dowdy is no more the peerless Dulcinea of only ten years ago than she is her own grandmother. Henceforth she is two persons: the one, living in memory: the other in actuality; and of the two the remembrance is the more real.

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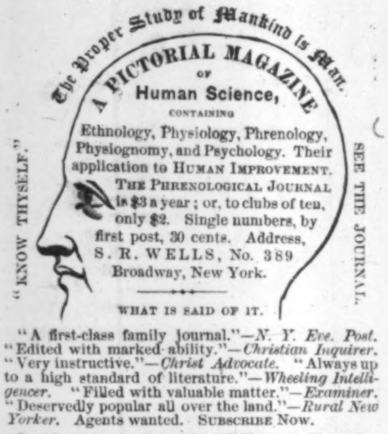

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